

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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NOVEMBER 8, 1982

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SPECIAL REPORT

Lalonde's New Deal

**Behind
Ottawa's
budget**

**Life
without
work**

**Pitfield
and the
mandarin
shake-up**

Finance Minister
Marc Lalonde



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SPECIAL REPORT

Lalonde's new deal

In a bottlenecked budget, new-boy Finance Minister Marc Lalonde sought to restore confidence by freeing funds for job creation and housing. Business leaders approved and a few provinces pledged cooperation, but the unemployed were skeptical. In Ottawa, Lalonde emerged as the first finance minister in years with real clout. —Page 22

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BOWMAN FOR THE PRESS CANADIAN



Spain embraces the left

After 42 years in the political wilderness, Spain's Socialist party roared back into office. But Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez faces formidable challenges. —Page 26



Flesh and fashion

With songs that are imbued with glamour, humor, titillation and subversive politics, Rough Trade is the most distinctive act in Canadian show business. —Page 77



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The age of robots

As a time when other nations are facing the problems produced by massive robot programs, Canadian industry has just begun to contemplate their cost. —Page 44



Compensation challenged

With dramatic technological changes, many employees are frustrated about Canada's system of protecting and compensating injured workers. —Page 62

Snivelling still

Introduction 88), instead of *Friends Again*, would have been a far more appropriate cover line (Oct. 25). Americans, the greatest nationalists in the world, shake the big stick at Canadian politicians, artists, writers, and authors to tell not to them. This is an act has been but a slapstick. It was always a slapstick, never a watchdog, of Canadian sovereignty. Ed Lumsley and his weak-kneed cohorts will surely make it a dead dog. We have a Constitution but we do not have a country to give to *Follow @Canada*. —VICTORIA HOLLINGSHEAD, McGregor, Ont.

We Canadians often note how Americans can be rather ignorant of our geography, history and politics. Our friendship, some believe, might be weakened if Americans knew more about Canada. It might be further enhanced if we knew more about Canada. The Peace Bridge is in Port Hope, Ont., not Niagara Falls. —PHILIP J. CHESSMAN, Windsor, Ont.

Mistaken identification

Regarding the *People* item about Christopher Plummer in your Sept. 30 issue, we were horrified at the caption under the photo referring to my son, Hans Nordhoff (pictured with Plummer), as a prof. Here he is beginning to make in theatrical films, we find this is quite damaging to him.

—SHEILA NORDHOFF, Roset, Italy

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Moving the Statue of an Old Circle?

War criminals 40 years later

Regarding the Oct. 26 Canada article *The Trial of the Suspected Nazi*, accused Nazi war criminal Adolf Helmut Raue is attempting to avoid extradition by claiming that the new Canadian Constitution grants him exemption. If this defense is successful, it will be a black day in our nation's history. Many of those responsible for deaths of the innocent escaped and continue to avoid responsibility for the millions of man's inhumanity. We must increase our effort to apprehend them. Their trials will be a sober reminder for future generations.

—W.D. SMITH, Waterloo, Ont.

Raue—who has had a blameworthy record during the 32 years he has lived in Canada—is threatened with extradition to Germany for allegedly taking part in military operations in Lithuania when he was serving in the German armed forces during the Second World War. Assuming that the charges are true, he must have been acting under the orders of his superior officers and the German government of the day. Should a soldier be charged with murder under these circumstances, especially almost 40 years after the war ended? War is a horrible business, and men under military discipline are often required to do heinous things that they would never have dreamed of doing on their own initiative.

—STUART J. BRAN, Dundalk, Ire.

Rancorous nonsense

Your article *A Rancorous Party Split* (Canada, Nov. 1) is, in fact, rancorous nonsense. The references to my own activities are inaccurate, unfair, distorted and malicious.

—BRUNO KETTER DAVID, Ottawa

PASSAGES

DECEASED: Giovanni Cardinal Benelli, 61, the powerful Archbishop of Florence, in Rome, following a heart attack. Born in a booklet near Padova, Turin, Benelli was ordained in 1943 and, three years later, went to work as a secretary to Mayor Giovanni Battista Montali, who later became Pope Paul VI. Elevated by Pope Paul to the College of Cardinals in 1971, Benelli was reputed to be his personal choice as a successor. But the cardinal—considered brusque and even ruthless by his opponents—was passed over twice in 1978 when Pope Paul and then Pope John Paul died.

DECEASED: Gordon Kennedy, 51, former general manager of *News* in a car accident in Vancouver. Kennedy joined *News* in 1973 after holding promotional positions with the *Toronto Star* and the *Washington Post*. He played an influential part in the team that planned the magazine's transition from a monthly to a biweekly and, finally, to a weekly. After leaving in May, 1984, he moved to Vancouver where he continued his career in cable television.

DECEASED: Sybil Leek, 65, journalist, author and self-proclaimed witch, of cancer, in a Melbourne, Fla., hospital. Leek was well known in her native England and, after moving to the United States in 1964, gained a wide following with more than 60 books about necromancy, phrenology and satirism.

DECEASED: Richard Jessup, 57, the author of more than 90 books (including the highly praised *The Common Man*, of course, in Moscow, Fla. Jessup perished on early years as a mercenary assassin into several military wars at the beginning of his writing career in the 1950s.

REMEMBERED: Carole Bassett, 35, of Toronto, as one of the top 100 girls on the *San Francisco, Calif., Women's Tennis Association computer ranking*, ranked 96th, becomes the second Canadian in the list. The other is Marjorie Blackwood, 23, of Ottawa, currently ranked 69th.

RECOVERING: Ellen Brennan, 40, the versatile actress who is best known for the film and TV versions of *Private Benjamin*, in a Marina del Rey, Calif., hospital, after being struck by a car while jaywalking. Brennan suffered fractures to both legs and facial fractures and was originally listed in critical condition after being admitted to David Freeman Marine Hospital. But, at week's end, a hospital spokesman reported that she was "alert" and "out of immediate danger."



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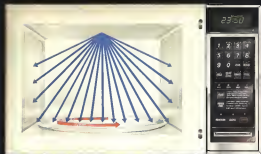
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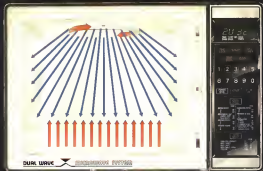
Simulated microwave pattern as it enters most of the popular microwaves on the market.

Bringing the waves into a microwave oven from the bottom as well as the top may not seem like a big deal.

In fact, it's a major technological breakthrough, because for all its benefits, cooking with microwaves has always had one inherent problem, uneven wave distribution, which meant uneven cooking.

You see, there is very little heat conducted in microwave cooking. The waves that enter the oven are what cook the food. If they miss a spot, that spot doesn't cook.

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Telephone service: a luxury

I have a comment with regard to the Sept. 28 Canada article, *The Worst Hour of Avid's Close*, while I realize that the intent of the article was to communicate to southerners the devastating effects of the Avid mine closure, I disagree with the writer's use of an unqualified remark, that a "Puro resident." This resident was quoted as saying, "Telephones are being cut off left and right." A check with our telephone company's department reveals that, while the number of disconnections for nonpayment is no higher than usual, the number of requests for disconnections has been exceptionally high. What this statistic does illustrate is that, in a tight economy, consumers clearly differentiate between necessities and luxuries.

—W.A. GRANGER
Public Affairs Officer, Northwood,
Whitehorse

Rent-a-Fotheringham?

I would like to suggest that Allan Fotheringham take his own advice and run out his own mighty brain for the purpose of character assassination (*The Latest in Revue-Work*, Column, Oct. 4). He could apply his unique gift for ridicule to his appointed victim and, in today's climate, where assentating the positive is an unknown media concept, he would do very well.

—K. MILLS
Kilmer, B.C.

Nazis and Jews

I want to congratulate Rick Salutin on the courage it took to write *Hitler's Rising* (Oct. 13) (Podium, Oct. 13). For months, the pundits he agonizes over have pursued me, parallel to between Israel's conduct under Menachem Begin and Germany's conduct under Hitler ruthless militarism, territorial expansion by war, annexation to defiance of international law, racist legislation is occupied territories, contempt for the sovereignty of nations, kidnapping and lebensraum, Poland and Lebanon, Warsaw and Beirut. Salutin writes of the horror of these crimes with that mixture of anguish and outrage that no one can fail to share who still has left a spark of humanity. But Israel is not Nazi Germany (Israel is a free country whose people take justified pride in their achievement of building a civilized nation in the desert. Their revolution over the events in Lebanon is a clear sign that they are determined to maintain Israel as a civilized member of the family of nations.

—HENRY EISENBERG
Alexandria, Ont.

Rick Salutin smokes in support of his views my "11th commandment" to post-Solomon Jews, to the effect that they are forbidden to hand their post-

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business victories. I categorically reject the perverse use that Solzstein makes of my ideas. If he must peddle his absurdities, he should have the common decency to leave my name out of them.

—EMIL L. FACKENHORN
Toronto

More than any other power, it is the Jew-
do-loving, democratic-minded Jews
themselves, both inside and outside of
Israel, who are the biggest obstacle to
peace. As Rick Solzstein says, how can the

present government of Israel deny the
Palestinians the right to a homeland,
especially when the Israeli Jews are oc-
cupying their former homes?

—S.S. BHADRA
Creston Valley, B.C.

Rick Solzstein has the right as a Podium
speaker to say what is on his mind.
What shocks me is the fact that his
argument is nonexistent. He implies
that Israel is racist through association
with South Africa and Argentina and
bent on genocidal slaughter in Lebanon.
But he never once mentions the fact

that hundreds of thousands died in Leba-
non before Israel entered the country,
that Israel was welcomed by the ma-
jority of the Lebanese at the beginning
of the offensive; and that the murder of
the Palestinians in Lebanon was not an
act of "purifying the area," as he con-
sistently quotes, but of purifying the area
of guerrillas. —MICHAEL A. MOORE
Toronto

The ROM: no Disneyland

Your Museum article, *A 21st-Century
Walk Through Time* (Sept. 27) borders
on reprehensible reporting. It presents
a distorted view of what has happened
and what we, the staff of the Royal
Ontario Museum, feel. My remarks to
your reporter about low morale became
of understanding, a rushed opening and
burnout were made in the context of the
contradictory messages received from
Queen's Park—lots of funds for capital
investment, little money for operating
the new structure. More distressing,
however, was your simplistic characteri-
zation of the curators as a group op-
posed to making the ROM a "people
place." The new galleries were created
by curators working largely independ-
ently of the administration. Further-
more, the Exhibit Communications
Task Force, responsible for the entire
display of the museum through to the
end of the century, has only one repre-
sentative of the administration. There
was no one in this group who argued for
a "stad museum." Everyone agreed
against a "Disneyland."

—LESLIE D. LEVINE
Curator-in-Charge,
West Asian Department,
Royal Ontario Museum,
Toronto

In the Royal Ontario Museum article
you state, "Greene argued... that the
stad museum should be transformed
into a 'people place,' complete with
flashy multimedia presentations. The
curators, however, were bent on keeping
the ROM an 'encyclopaedia' haven for
research." This is simply untrue. The
curators, rather than being dragged un-
willingly into the 21st century, were an
integral and essential part of the pro-
cess of both developing and implement-
ing the approach. As a consultant who
has been involved in the development of
galleries at the ROM for a period of sev-
eral years, I must object strenuously to
your failure to acknowledge the many
efforts of the curators through the
years of change. —NANCY STEVENS
Riverside, Archibuteo,
Toronto

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From a smugglers' paradise comes hell

By David Kline

Fewer looking men on horseback, rifles slung across their backs, saunter up and down the hot, dusty street that is the main street of Landi Kotel, Pakistan. Looking up from their work, the blacksmith, druggist, innman and dry-goods merchant stare out sullenly from their hair-on-the-wall shops, as if waiting for something to happen. Across the street still roam armed men sit on their haunches on the second-story veranda of the town's only hotel, muttering and spitting into the street below.

At first glance this scene resembles the set of a Hollywood western. A sense of place returns, however, at the sight of the camels, donkey carts and brightly colored, gun-slinger-stuffed buses changing up and down the street, avoiding each other only by nerve-tearing inches.

And a sense of time is restored by the screaming cacophony of rusty metal, impatient taxi horns and angry men and animals which boils up in the air like the suffocating 45°C heat itself. But probably the most striking image missing in this Modern Dodge City are saloons and neo-gilded bars—Muslims do not drink (at least publicly), and the leeches hereabouts usually wear turbans.

Landi Kotel, sitting at the very top of the legendary Khyber Pass in the no man's land between Pakistan and Afghanistan, has been a smugglers' town for more than 2,000 years. Anything, from exquisite handmade opium of almost every fighting man in the world to mildly exquisite quantities of hashish, is bought and sold here. Wild and sometimes dangerous, Landi Kotel is a place without formal laws, without courts, without police of any sort. Men's actions are governed only by two instincts. Pakistani hashish, the violent code of honor of the Pathan tribesmen, and the search



Landi Kotel's heroin laboratory: sustaining armies of waiting wounded

for profit. Women's actions are governed by men. It is a close-out way of life.

Until recently, few people paid attention to what happened here as long as too many people did not die from it.

The makeshift lab produces about eight tonnes of heroin annually—twice the yearly consumption of Europe

Now this has changed, and suddenly Landi Kotel is the subject of intense concern in Ottawa, Washington, London, Bonn, Rotterdam and Rome. For Landi Kotel, and the whole tribal belt of Pakistan of which it is the unofficial capital, has become the chief supplier of heroin to the entire world. Indeed, somewhere between 50 and 70 per cent of all the heroin coming into North

America, and as much as 90 per cent of the narcotics smuggled into Europe and Great Britain this year, will come from Southwest Asia, and that usually means Pakistan. Heroin seizures in Pakistan have reached a staggering 850 kilos so far this year, almost 50 times the amount seized in Pakistan this year before. A further indication of the trend in the five-year period from 1974 to 1979 only 26 kilos of heroin were confiscated by police or drug enforcement agents.

So alarmed are officials worldwide at the sudden explosion of Khyber heroin production that a co-ordinated effort is now being organized to stop or stop the traffic. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has doubled its staff in Pakistan in the past 12 months, and British customs agents have begun tracking their

Pakistani counterparts in self-sustaining justice. Explains Doug Walker, the chief DEA agent in Pakistan: "The heroin problem is far outpacing anything we have seen before in the Golden Triangle of Southeast Asia or in Turkey. The labs here are operating openly and freely in the tribal areas of Pakistan, and we're lucky if we catch five or 10 per cent of it before it reaches Europe and the United States. Most people are simply not aware of the immensity of the narcotics problem here."

Walker and most other experts trace the explosion of trafficking to the Iranian revolution of Ayatollah Khomeini in 1979. Before that, most of the opium produced in both Pakistan and Afghanistan was sent to Iran to supply the estimated one million addicts there (out of a total population of 36 million). With the internal turmoil and breakdown of law and order in Iran that followed the revolution, however, domestic Iranian production slumped. The door to the Iranian market was there when even tighter by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in

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year later, which blocked some of the traditional smuggling routes through Afghanistan.

What to do with all the opium stockpiling in Pakistan then posed a major problem for smugglers by mid-1979. An estimated 500 tonnes of opium was produced in Pakistan alone that year—a third more than was ever produced in the Golden Triangle of Southeast Asia. In addition, several hundred more tonnes had probably been grown in Afghanistan and moved east for handling, over the border into the tribal areas of Northwest Pakistan.

With their traditional markets closed and stockpiles overflowing, the relatively unacquainted tribal traffickers decided to move into the Western market. But here there was a problem: opium is not a drug of choice in the West, as it is in the East, and addicts prefer the more potent heroin that is refined from opium. So, drug officials now speculate, a few Southwest Asian shamanists were imported in late 1979 to teach the simple conversion process to tribal entrepreneurs. Soon, a network of primitive "bachelors" laboratories had sprung up throughout Northwest Pakistan's tribal belt.

Ravi Jan (not his real name) is one of the Afghani Pashtun tribesmen who made it all happen, and he wonders what the fun is about. A heavyset man in his early 40s, Ravi Jan spends as the way of most of his Afghani tribal brethren, peacefully and with much arm-waving. "People want it and they pay well, my friend. So I make it," he says with a shrug of his shoulders and a toss of his open palms. Scratching his unkempt hair, Ravi Jan adds "I must take care of my family, which is very large. This is accepted by my people." He is only

dimly aware that others, outsiders, not from the tribal areas, regard his trade as illegal and immoral.

Whoever slight trepidation he might have about his trade is extinguished by the pride Ravi Jan feels in his accomplishments. He therefore gladly shows off his hitherto barren laboratory on the outskirts of town. Inside a four-metre-high mud-walled compound containing several tribal homes, Ravi Jan gives a tour of the courtyard housing the laboratory. It contains three east-west rows of buckets filled with a brown water-and-opium solution mixed with lime. Every three days or so the morphine sulphate base residue of each bucket is drained off. When mixed with a hydrochloride compound, the base from each bucket will produce approximately 14 kilos of pure heroin. Ravi Jan and his friends have 26 buckets of opium. That means that this makeshift laboratory produces about 140 kilos of pure heroin a week if running full time, or about eight tonnes of heroin annually—over the entire annual heroin consumption of the United States or of Europe. Ravi Jan's laboratory is just one of two dozen or so major operations in the tribal areas, and not even the biggest one at that.

Inside the compound half a dozen young men and boys, most of them relatives of Ravi Jan, work in the stifling heat. They pour opium liquid into a dozen buckets here, stir the leached residue out of a dozen others there, and mix the morphine base from the second set of buckets with a hydrochloride—in wheelbarrows, using shovels. The scene presents an eeriness as innocuous as the rural mountains that rise up in the distance behind the laboratory compound: an old man is kneeling on a rug

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in the corner of the compound, pressing his forehead to the ground, praying to his God, beside him an seven straw mats, each containing about five kilos of pure negotiable heroin.

For Ravi Jan, an itinerant trying to survive in a tribal milieu in which the average life expectancy is 30 years and the per capita annual income hovers at about \$100, the brownish-white heroin powder means a better life. Indeed, some of these tribal operators have become shabby wealthy, although this is not apparent from their dress or their living conditions (How many color TVs can one put in a mud hut in the mountains?). There is simply no way for Ravi Jan to see—or, seeing, care—that his simple enterprise leads in a twisted but discernible line all the way to some ex-criminals' El Dorado basement in New York or Montreal, where some young lad has crumpled on a heap of rags, eyes glazed in passive wonder at the fate that left him dying there with a filthy needle dangling from his arm.

Even for those traffickers who do have some sense that their handiwork sustains entire armies of warring warring roaming the major capitals of the West, they must believe that realization against the overwhelming profits involved. Ravi Jan probably pays \$40 or \$50 per kilo to the grower of raw opium, and out of 10 kilos or so he sells one kilo of pure heroin. If it is negotiable rather than simply smoking grade, he will sell it for about \$7,000 or less in multiple kilo lots.

While Ravi Jan thus makes a profit—he surely could not earn this much in any other endeavor—the real big money is reserved in geometric incre-

Opium-related tribulation: no laws



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across further down the Khyber trail to the West. The same kilo of pure heroin that Ravi Jan sold for \$7,000 will wholesale a week or so later in Europe for \$70,000; in the United States, again wholesale, it will fetch nearly \$200,000. Distributors in the West then dilute the pure heroin in a powder, barely three- to five-per-cent pure, that sells in half-gram packets for \$30 or \$40 each. In the end, Ravi Jan's \$7,000 kilo of heroin—which cost him maybe \$500 to produce—nets about \$2.2 million on the street.

The traffic is not going to be easily slowed. To be sure, Pakistani authorities have made progress in weaning farmers in some areas off opium cultivation. However, a cut in Pakistani production from 800 to 400 or even 200 tonnes, as has sometimes been claimed by authorities here, does not solve the problem: it only takes about 85 tonnes of the stuff to supply all of the addicts in the United States with enough heroin for one year. And programs for Pakistan opium farmers have no effect on growers in Afghanistan, who supply the tribal areas with several hundred more tonnes each year for conversion to heroin.

More useful than any decline in poppy production would be a halt to its conversion to heroin. The conversion process, however, takes place entirely in the tri-



Leaf-wrapped opium for transport: a Moslemized Dodge City with turbans

bal areas, which are off limits to army, police or law enforcement personnel, except in certain designated outposts or forts established by treaty with the various Pathan tribes. They traditionally view any interference in these internal affairs as a threat to their sovereignty and, potentially, as a act of war.

This was demonstrated quite clearly last March when a Swatland narcotics agent, working for the DEA's Drug

Watch, located a major heroin laboratory on the main street in the Pakistani town of Datta, about 160 km south of Landi Kotal. When drug agents moved in, thousands of tribesmen rushed and armed themselves in response to calls from the local tribal elders who warned that, if they allowed the troops to come onto their land to arrest smugglers today, tomorrow soldiers would come to take away all their rights. A tense

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three-day standoff around heavily armed tribesmen and an elite force of Pakistani Frontier Scouts, backed by armor and artillery. In the end, after a few minor skirmishes, the government forces retreated. The lab was merely relocated down the street. Since the Duran incident there have been a few minor raids on the tribal areas. But officials fear that any major offensive against the heroin trade would shatter the tribes from the Pakistani central government to Islamabad and perhaps even precipitate a generalized tribal war in the border areas. Only the Soviets, currently bogged down by the tribes' attention in Afghanistan, could benefit from such a conflict.

The only other means of slowing the traffic is to seal the export points—first those leading out of the tribal areas and then those out of Pakistan. Not far from Landiotal this reporter witnessed one seizure made by customs agents from two trucks carrying, in secret cavities, more than 114 kilos of pure heroin and several thousand kilos of opium and hashish. Looking very proud standing next to the catch, the chief customs agent claimed that "after a fierce gun battle, the smugglers escaped." Oddly, this is the same story always given after customs seizures—first, the smugglers "escaped." Observers close to the scene claim that smugglers, more often than not, buy off the police and customs agents, paying at most a "bribe" to keep everyone happy. With the average salary of a customs officer barely more than \$100 a month, it is no surprise that local law enforcement would be influenced by the sort of superprofits generated in the Khyber heroin traffic. Explains Jahangir Khan, the Northwest Frontier Province chief of customs, "Yes, there is corruption. Ours is a poor country, and the smugglers have a lot of money."

On top of that, it should not be forgotten that this area contains some of the most rugged, least regulated frontier in the world. In the words of one U.S. diplomat in Pakistan, "If the Russians cannot control their frontiers with their 100,000 soldiers, how the hell can the Pakistanis?" In any case, law enforcers feel that the only surefire way of stopping heroin trafficking is to do so at its source—in this case, the Pakistani tribal areas.

So, while officials ponder their next move, ones such as Ravi Jan continue to manufacture Khyber heroin in ever-increasing, ever-profitable quantities. Though Ravi Jan cares not a whit for any others, one would think that even he must find it strange that what starts out as an innocent, even beautiful, red-and-white peppy crowd, in the end, lead to such riches for some and such disaster for others. ☐

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Haig's smooth comeback

Since resigning from Ronald Reagan's administration in June, 65-year-old former U.S. secretary of state Alexander Haig has been anything but idle. He has become a senior fellow with the Hudson Institute—the highly praised neoconservative organization in New York State—a consultant on international affairs to the United Technologies Corp. and a visiting lecturer at Princeton University in New Jersey. He has also found time to give speeches—about two a month—and launch his old boss, the president in his spare time. He is negotiating a book on his experiences as secretary of state—a last achievement for a man who, two years ago, underwent multiple bypass heart surgery and who, only 15 years ago, was a U.S. Army lieutenant-colonel in Vietnam.

Though Haig refuses to discuss money, informed sources estimate that he is getting as much as \$15,000 a speech, about \$300,000 a year from United Technologies, and that the Hudson Institute is picking up all of his office expenses—a handsome increment over

his former secretary of state's salary of about \$100,000 a year, with perks. Haig has set up a Washington office, and it is considered significant that he has established a Washington power base. Those who know him say that he needs power and authority in the same way that an automobile needs gasoline.

Those who know Haig say that he is addicted to decision-making - that he needs power and authority

Though he was initially mum on his reasons for leaving the White House, his tongue has recently loosened. A few weeks ago Haig gave a speech in which he said that the president's Middle East peace plan and proposal for a freeze on Israeli settlements in the occupied West Bank was "a very serious mistake." He then said on TV that he had decided

many months ago that he had to resign as secretary of state because he did not agree with policies, but the specific timing of his leaving was set by Reagan. "On that particular Friday that I left, I was pushed by the president," he revealed. He went on to charge that high-level administration officials had undercut his efforts in the early stages of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon and said that their underwriting set the stage for the international crisis that followed. Haig strongly hinted that Vice-President George Bush was deeply involved.

Republican party officials and Bush's staff believe that Haig is, in fact, setting Bush up for a major attack. Should Haig decide to run for the Republican presidential nomination in 1984—presuming that Reagan does not run again—Bush will be his major opponent. Says a former state department colleague, "Haig is hard at work now building a constituency."

If he does not run for the White House in '84, Washington observers feel that he may run for a Senate seat. When asked about his political ambitions, however, Haig says only, "Well, I'm enthusiastic." As he gets into a waiting black limousine, he adds, "I have no interest in politics." Then he is off and away—like a fox on the run.

—WILLIAM LONTNER in Washington.

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Illustration by David M. Byrd



Q&A: JAKE GAUDAUR

Scoring winning points for Canadian football

With the United States Football League (USFL) set to begin its operations and with disappointing attendance figures at Canadian Football League games, there is considerable conjecture as to the future of the CFL. *Contributor Jake Gaudaur discusses the future of the league with Maclean's correspondent Marty York in the Toronto offices of the CFL.*

Maclean's: What effort do you think the creation of the United States Football League will have on the CFL?



Gaudaur: It is easy to prove that Canadian football is better than American football

Gaudaur: We have seen other leagues start up in the United States, and, historically, in the early start-up years they would attract some of our players who had played out their option, and there is nothing you can do about that. This is happening already with the National Football League, but, in the case of some of these new leagues, they want beyond that and signed players who were under contract. When that happened we went to court and were successful, and we would do that with the USFL. I anticipate that we will lose some players that we would rather see stay. If, as in the past, the new league does not make it, most of those players will be coming back in any event, and when I say this I am not suggesting that this

one won't make it. I have no idea as to whether it will.

Maclean's: Will CFL owners be eager to prevent players from getting away to the new league?

Gaudaur: I don't know. Every year rumors are on our morning agendas, and every year, for as long as I can remember, some clubs have been in favor of a roster increase and some have been in for a decrease. Some have wanted to keep the roster the same. But, given the fact that rosters increased by four players to a total of 38 players last year, I think it

is highly improbable that there would be a great increase for that purpose. An increase of one or two, however, is always under consideration.

Maclean's: How do you feel about the defections of Winnipeg Coach Ray Joseph, Edmonton Coach Hugh Campbell and Saskatchewan General Manager Jim Sparrow to the new league?

Gaudaur: I think you have to deal with those individually. As far as Ray Joseph is concerned, when I heard that, I immediately called the Winnipeg club and was told that, at the time Ray signed his current agreement, there was a clear understanding or provision that he was entitled to pursue employment elsewhere and accept it if he found something he wanted. So, in that case, I don't



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think that you can blame him for carrying out the option he had. As far as I'm [Spartan] concerned, the Saskatchewan club felt it had no option but to let him go after he was approached. In that respect, I think that club was damaged. And I think that the Edmonton club has been damaged with the departure of Hugh Campbell. My advice to the clubs was that if a club of another league—whether it be the new league or the CFL—is interested in one of the club's nonplaying personnel, the club should not automatically assume that it has no other option than to let him go. It is my view that the contract signed in good faith between two parties should be fulfilled by both parties. Still, I believe that the clubs must make the decision that is best for their fans.

Maclean's: Do you find it understandable that football people want to play in their own country—on the case of American football personnel, for instance, who want to go to the United States?

Gooden: Players want to play in their own country as they can be seen on television—so that a player's home town, his parents, sisters or brothers, his girlfriend and his college home-town buddies can see him on TV. I have always said that this was one of the main reasons it was important for the CFL to be on TV in the United States. Since the CFL has now been exposed to millions of house-



Campbell: Edmonton club is damaged

holds in 49 U.S. states, that has been overcome to a considerable degree. At the same time, I think the clubs can now say to players, "You can be seen" because as the American money is recovered, it depends on whether a player is going to continue to live in Canada or

the off-shore. It's all relative.

Maclean's: Is the depressed Canadian economy affecting the CFL?

Gooden: It's very difficult to judge, but I think it would be obvious that, in a state where there have been a lot of layoffs, in a city like Hamilton, for instance, it has been especially impacted. Yet the fact that our attendance on the whole is so close to last year's, even after the 15th weekend, demonstrates that the quality of play may have been enough to offset the effect of Canada's recessionary economy. At the same time, it is difficult for anybody to project accurately what the impact will be. When the economy is down and people are having difficulties, they want to be entertained. You never see a drop in consumption of sports or smoking, for instance.

Maclean's: Has there been a reduction of Canadian players at the skill positions?

Gooden: Quarterback is the most skilled, I suppose, and the CFL has two Canadians playing there. Linebacker was always deemed to be a skill position, and you see lots of Canadians playing first string and beating up Americans there. Another skill position is that of receiver, and historically Canadians have excelled at this position. At the moment there appears to have been a resurgence in the use of "importers" in this position. Actually, the only difference between the Canadian

and the American is the degree to which he has been trained. The Americans are trained out of the cradle, so to speak, in high school and college, with individual coaches and what have you, so by the time an American player gets to the professional camp he has been through all that training. He is going to be better than the player who has been trained in Canada. But no one should disregard the fact that we still require that 19 out of 34 players drafted be Canadian, and that is not a limit—there is nothing to stop the coach from having 34 Canadians. Still, I think the gap is being narrowed because Canadians are now getting improved coaching at Canadian college levels.

Maclean's: Four teams to have a conventional league was rejected when the Rugby CFL franchise was approved. What this be a selling point for the CFL?

Gooden: First of all, I would like to clarify the Halifax club has been conditionally approved in conference in 2004 pending that, by the midway point next year, there is adequate visual evidence that a stadium will be available for '94. It's true I have always looked forward to the day when we could be coast to coast and truly national in concept. But having said that, I would never be in a hurry of granting a franchise for the sake of granting a franchise. The people behind the Halifax franchise are



Jack: most players come back

very confident that it will be viable, and is a very strong indication that it can be. One can question the population demographics, but one could also question those of the Saskatchewan club, operating in a city of 150,000 people. They have, for as long as I can remember,

been an outstanding partner in the league because they have involved the entire province.

Maclean's: Does it bother you when you hear people—especially if they are Canadians—say that the NFL is better than the CFL?

Gooden: I have always felt that that's a misstatement of any Canadian inferiority complex. In that context, I was once guilty of that myself, but the more you look at the quality of the game, the more we can prove that, by the only guidelines I know—the entertainment guidelines—it is better. Let's face it realistically, people aren't crazy about defence, except for the punts. I believe the quality of our style of play is better—we score more points and have more total offense. In the CFL there is a greater need for speed and agility than for size because of the size of our field and our different rules. Particularly in recent years, we have been able to attract players into the league with not only the agility but the size as well.

Maclean's: Is there any other sport in Canada that makes Canadians as much as the Grey Cup?

Gooden: I know it is deemed worthy by some to refer to the Grey Cup as a prime factor in Canadian unity. But the game attracts people down all over Canada, as many from the West as from the East in the spirit of friendly competition. I

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know of nothing else that does that every year, and, furthermore, it is an event that is watched by some seven million people on television. So I think, in that sense, it would have as much impact on our national unity.

Mackinnon: There is a lot of controversy about the way in which the Grey Cup participants are chosen. Should the eastern champions automatically play the western champions, or should the two best teams meet in the Grey Cup?

Gaudin: In my opinion, it is preferable that we pit the East against the West in a spirit of friendly competition.

Mackinnon: A illegal drug sale is a problem among the players in the CFL, as is reported to be the case in the NFL?

Gaudin: It's incredibly to assume, in a society where there is drug abuse, that professional athletes would not be doing it. But any meaningful amount of drug abuse, in any sport, would become manifest in the players' ability to compete as a professional football team, where physical fitness is so important. If a player has a problem, the club should make counselling available as one remedy. But there is no evidence, from any player or from the players' association, that there is an extensive problem in the league.

Mackinnon: Does the CFL have the means to ensure that the players are not alcoholics, drug users, gamblers or anything of that nature?

Gaudin: There is no such measure, because it would, in effect, be spying on players when they are away from the field, and I'm opposed to that. The CFL has security people on staff, but it is my understanding that the security people are concerned mostly with players who may be involved in gambling. In the case of the CFL, we have established a liaison with the appropriate level of police authority in each community as the understanding that they can, without compromising any investigation, communicate with any club when they become aware that a player in a CFL club is involved in illegal activities.

Mackinnon: Your contract as CFL commissioner expires at the end of the 1985 season. Do you intend to stay on after that time?

Gaudin: No. I will not be prepared to carry on after the termination of my contract. I originally accepted this job for five years maximum. I have very strong feelings about people in professional sports or politics who stay on too long. After 10 years, then the head of state or commissioner of a professional sports league should get very deeply involved in picking his successor—that is always a danger that you might favor someone that person in your own image.

Mackinnon: Is it possible that you will wind up in the CFL?

Gaudin: No way. ☐

PODIUM

War machines do not bring peace

By John P. Godfrey

About 20 km beyond Elbe Strait, just after you cross the American border, is Missile Gap. U.S.A. A fancy place, this Missile Gap. All winter long, while the U.S. defence budget is being prepared, its inhabitants can be heard baying in the streets, "The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming!" Like so many Chicagoans, the residents of Missile Gap have been settled, Missile Gap becomes a ghost town, indeed virtually ceases to exist until the following winter.

Are the Russians really coming? Former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger thinks they are. He believes that a "window of opportunity" now exists for the Soviet Union because NATO has decisively lost its military superiority. There are two parts to this proposition. Part 1: the Soviets have better military hardware than we do. Part 2: they have the will and intention to use this hardware to go on the offensive in the 1980s.

Are the Soviets—or the Warsaw Pact countries—better armed than the members of NATO? Any defence official in Ottawa, Western Europe or Washington will tell you so. Is such evidence reliable? What defence official in his right mind would ever admit that his budget and equipment were sufficient? (When was the last time you ever heard a police chief declare publicly that organized crime was on the decline?)

Defence officials notwithstanding, there is a considerable body of opinion that holds that if anybody is ahead in the arms race in terms of pure technology, it is the United States. The doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction (known to some as MAD) rests on the capability of both sides to mount a second attack as an opponent after suffering an all-out attack against their entire strategic nuclear arsenal.

At present, such second-strike capability on both sides depends ultimately on submarines armed with missiles cruising undetected under the surface of the world's oceans. Should either side be so foolish as to develop sea-launched ballistic missiles, the whole second-strike principle would be seriously undermined. And yet it is the United States that is more rapidly developing the technology for detecting submarines by linking a worldwide network of underwater listening devices, satellites and computers. To this may be added the superiority of the United States in missile

guidance systems and multiple warhead technology.

Thus, in nuclear terms, if a "window of opportunity" exists for any country in the 1980s, it is the United States. Furthermore, it is arguable that greater economic power ensures that the United States can outpace the Soviet Union to increase its military superiority in the future. The MAD doctrine states that either side (not just the nuclear powers) has nuclear superiority over the other; peace is endangered, because a pre-emptive nuclear strike becomes again "thinkable" for the superior power.

Ah, say the defence officials, but look at the clear superiority of Soviet conventional forces in Europe. Will this tempt the Soviets either to invade Europe, at least render it politically and militarily helpless, as is Poland? This brings us to the question of the intentions and will of the Soviets. Are they really bent on territorial conquest as in the 1930s as Henry Kissinger suggests?

Clearly, the Soviets are undoubtedly kleptomaniacs—they cannot resist picking up other people's countries

and President Ronald Reagan so fervently believes?

The Soviets clearly think that their political and social system is superior and that time is on their side. They are also undisciplined. Negotiations they cannot resist picking up other people's countries when they find them lying carelessly around between Ethiopia and Afghanistan. Not to extrapolate from these beliefs and tendencies the story that they are consciously preparing to invade Western Europe under the cover of their superior conventional forces simply does not follow.

Why, for example, does the Soviet Union need so many ground troops in Europe? One reason is that their goal is to defeat and break the other side, the Germans and the East Germans have shown a perverse unwillingness to appreciate the joys of Soviet-style communism without a little help from the troops. NATO forces could leave Europe tomorrow and the elected governments of Britain, France, Italy and West Germany would still stand. Could the Soviets trust any of their Eastern

European "allies" under similar circumstances?

Viewed from Moscow, the world must seem a bleak place indeed. For almost, these Eastern Europeans, writing for friends, economic basket cases such as Cuba and Ethiopia (a few more non-Soviet-hungry friends like that and the Soviet Union would be too broke to do anything), and for ex-dividends, a veritable United Nations of miseries, China, Albania, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Indonesia and Ghana. Face it with such a world, and badly armed in Poland and Afghanistan, why on earth would the Kremlin set out that rules the Kremlin wish more trouble on themselves?

And yet the United States, the world's mightiest economic and military power, continues to speak of and deal with the Soviet Union in a manner that would bring discredit to the government of Paraguay. The noted U.S. diplomat George Kennan, writing recently on the possibility of nuclear war, speaks tellingly of "this endless series of distortions and overstatements, this systematic distortion of the leadership of another great country."

Such misfire may rest on the planet. According to U.S. strategic weapons specialists George Kahnen and George Katolowicz, the United States has the military power to destroy the U.S.S.R. in 50 largest cities 40 miles over. The Soviet Union can do the same to the United States. The United States and Canada has the great geographical inaccessibility of being snuggled in the middle of any potential nuclear playground for the superpowers. At the very least, we are it is not completely clear, clearly those among us who support the armament policies of the United States.

The Soviets are paranoid, and rightly so they have much to be paranoid about. Under certain conditions of stress and desperation, they might conceivably be tempted to push the button. If we really wish to avoid a Third World War, perhaps we should be talking less about Poland and increased armament and more about Strategic Arms Limitation and detente.

John P. Godfrey is the president and vice-chancellor of the University of King's College in Halifax.



LALONDE'S NEW DEAL

It was a fitting occasion for a man who had just delivered an intense, well-timed message to the country. When Finance Minister Marc Lalonde invited 16 journalists to lunch last Friday, he dipped into his own wallet, served up five large pizzas, and uncapped a Lalonde's Private Case of beer. The rest of the report of recent 800-million-dollar cuts in the government has been used to push its 800-and-five economic restraint program. Said Lalonde: "We're in the process of survival."

Lalonde's 80-minute economic statement to the House on the day that Parliament resumed was intended to restore the morale of a shaken nation, the troubled Liberal party and his own embattled finance department. In the authoritative style that has been his trademark throughout his long political career, Lalonde overcame a lull in everything but name. The job points a shift of \$1.1 billion of government funds into job creation programs, on top of a promise not to widen the deficit, a pledge of another \$500 million to help people who will be forced out of work after their unemployment benefits run out, an increase in unemployment insurance levels on employers and workers, a \$100-million extension of home buyers' grants to stimulate the housing industry and an understanding to spend another \$500 million to expand the western rail system and alleviate the settler-onsetment Pass freight rate dispute.

Of less practical, but more symbolic, worth, was the deal Lalonde put between himself and the Liberals' previous economic administrator, Allan Rock. With depression writ large in the minds of many Canadians, Lalonde's speech attempted to end the 22 months of ruminations, indecision and uncertainty caused by Rock's two and a half year budget. More important, however, was the symbolic message of the minister's take-charge performance: while the prime minister may still be named Pierre Trudeau in the back row stage with Marc Lalonde.

For the first time in nearly a decade, a finance minister has indisputably stated claim to the traditional role of economic decision-maker. Pressing the point home, Lalonde's statement at 5 p.m. EDT—Canadian stock markets chose to close early—went hand in hand

with the departure of top bureaucrat and Trudeau loyalist Michael Pitfield (page 38).

Throughout the fielded years the finance department's muscle had been stripped away as part of the drive to centralize economic management in the tight grasp of the Prime Minister's Office and Pitfield's Privy Council Office. Privately, Lalonde vowed to rebuild his emaciated department, whose client had diminished over the years with the departure of key mandates to other central agencies and to the private sector.

Lalonde's lead-up Comments debut as finance minister was a balm to the frayed nerves of Canadian businessmen. "The store is under new management, and we're delighted," declared Sam Hughes, president of the Chamber of Commerce. There was no joy, of course, that the deficit will soar to \$20.4 billion—40 billion more than MacRae forecast four months ago. But the budget leaders were relieved that Lalonde at least made a bid to clear away the uncertainty lingering from MacRae's last budget. Right out-

standing measures—including the tax on employer contributions to private health and dental plans and a levy on wholesale goods—were either modified or postponed until the end of 1983. The total cost in last revenues more than \$225 million—to say nothing of the burial of MacRae's scheme for more equitable taxes.

What's in the grand tradition of finance, the new minister moved tax policies with legislation. The \$1.1 billion for economic stimulation was supposed to come from program cuts—but ministers were hand pressed to specify the details. Instead, Lalonde appears to have been the beneficiary of a windfall caused by declining U.S. interest rates that, in turn, reduced Canada's own 1982-83 debt repayment load by \$1 billion.

In Ottawa the opposition parties condemned the increase in unemployment premiums to nearly maximums of \$5.50 per worker and \$12.40 for employers. Conservative Leader Joe Clark argued that by expiring \$1.1 billion in special premiums, Ottawa will injure the pa-

uicity of creating 60,000 new jobs. The money, said Clark, could have been better used "by small business, in particular, to keep people working or create new jobs." With almost two trillion on the played, called NDP Leader Ed Broadbent, Lalonde "brought in a politician."

Challenge: Reaction in the provinces was mixed, if slightly more encouraging. Ontario Premier William Davis said that Lalonde's course correction was "a step in the right direction," although the province wants a bigger slice of the job creation money. Quebec's René Lévesque said he is willing to cooperate, a sentiment also expressed with reservations by Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But most provinces who face the challenge of sharing the new funding worried, as Newfoundland's Brian Peckford put it, that desperate economic conditions require more than "the same tired, old policies." Labor leaders, too, were disappointed about the job creation measures, although they were pleased that basic social programs and universal coverage escaped Lalonde's scalpel. The safety net, erected by the Liberals in the 1960s, now represents at least 50 per cent of federal outlays of \$71.6 billion (see chart).

But the social system is only one reason why Ottawa finds itself in a trap of its own creation. Unbridled spending in the go-go years has produced a crushing national debt, now forecast to top \$114 billion by next March. The cost of ser-



Lalonde at \$60 pizza lunch—depression will surge in the minds of many

ving that debt alone amounts to an astonishing 30 cents out of every dollar that Ottawa plans to borrow. Lalonde, as a result, is constrained that he has the room neither to cut taxes nor to increase borrowing. As he put it rhetorically last week at the pizza lunch: "Twenty-three billion dollars is the real—how much more economic stimulus do we need?" Lalonde added, "The problem now is that there are not enough profits to pay taxes—that's my biggest problem." For the country's 14 million officially unemployed, the government's message was a simple one: "Hold on." This challenge now, says the government's new economic guru, is to maintain some semblance of confidence about the future.

To help build that trust, Lalonde named a blue-ribbon panel of outside experts (page 38) to help him steer the floundering economic ship. John Hillwell, an economist who from the University of British Columbia, was named to head the diverse board of academics that will meet with Lalonde every six to eight weeks. Hillwell generally approves of the "middle course" Lalonde is pursuing—between trying to curb the deficit without raising taxes and promoting mild job stimulation without letting the deficit run uncontrollably. Hillwell believes it is vital to maintain "a general level of confidence high enough that people plan for the future." And these plans must come from young

people saving for a home as well as businessmen planning new machines for new production.

Hillwell also feels that it is time for some "creative" economic planning to maintain support systems for the needy. He offers to defunctive groups but he does suggest some form of government assistance to small resource towns which would allow cities or timber companies to stockpile their production. He says workers might receive unemployment insurance benefits only—but then share in future profits when inventories are finally sold. Shortly for the moment, it is still the kind of creative New Deal-style thinking, with Ottawa listening to the grassroots, that the government had either lacked or discouraged until Lalonde took over.

Concern: One north today area is the B.C. forest industry, where the crisis has begun to terrify some leaders who see no end in sight. Ben Thompson, president of a loggers' union of the International Workers of America, has witnessed his membership cut in one year to 4,000 from 5,500. The union has set up soup kitchens—called "Food for Thought"—and it is assisting members who are having difficulty financing their mortgages. Thompson's job includes a new element of social work these days, not just contracts. "You try to quiet their concerns," he says. Still, he wonders if such humanitarianism is misplaced and if, perhaps, he is mis-

Federal government spending 1982-'83n billions



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

SPECIAL REPORT

leading people about their future. Re-assured mortgages, after all, mean higher payments later. But Thompson reasons that without such help people might turn to drastic action.

Of the 500,000 jobs that have been lost in the past year, government estimates suggest that half may have vanished permanently. Mining executives have informed Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy to expect about 50 per cent less employment in the industry even after the recession. Thomas Maxwell, of the Conference Board, sometimes asks his business audiences how many of them plan to retire next year. "Maybe one in 30 raises the hand," says Maxwell. Robert Laurent Tibbels, executive vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association: "Even if demand is restored vigorously, business is going to find ways to meet it without bringing its labor forces back up to the old levels."

Explosive. Even the recent drastic drop in interest rates is of little solace to the legions of jobless. Many companies that plan to increase their productivity are not looking at retooling plants at all levels. General Motors of Canada, for one, has tucked eight hours of overtime plus two Saturdays a month into its production near St. Thomas, Que. But so far it will not take back any laid-off workers. John De Pater, the plant chairman for the United Auto Workers, says 533 former plant employees fell off the unemployment rolls and into the welfare system last month. By January a total of 1,990 plant workers will have exhausted their unemployment benefits. To his disbelief, De Pater discovered from Quebec City that to qualify for welfare payments a man would have to "run down" their assets. Any claim with more than \$2,500 in the bank, a house worth more than \$40,000 or a car worth more than \$4,000 would not qualify.

The government's job creation scheme—which will be rolled within weeks by Axworthy—is modest by any measure. But it may help to keep the lid on what many believe could be a petri-



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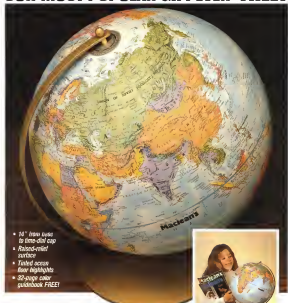
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How UI premiums will rise

ANNUAL INCOME	WEEKLY DEDUCTION		YEARLY DEDUCTION	
	1982	1983	1982	1983
\$12,000	\$3.80	\$3.30	\$198.00	\$276.00
\$15,000	\$4.00	\$3.25	\$208.00	\$337.00
\$20,000	\$5.70	\$5.85	\$300.50	\$460.72

Unsuspecting victims of a collapsed economy

By Linda Diebel

For David Nicholson, the hardest part in maintaining his self-respect after a lifetime spent working at various office jobs—with occasional stints on unemployment insurance during the leaner periods—has been forced to turn to welfare for the first time in his 33 years. Nicholson, a Halifax native, lost his job with the National Harbours Board in mid-1982. His unemployment insurance (which can be collected for a maximum of 50 weeks) ran out this summer, his savings were exhausted long ago, and applications to local government offices, hotels, industries and stores have failed to produce a job in the roughest economic period he has ever experienced. "I have never been on welfare before in my life. It's degrading," says Nicholson, who shares the \$256 he receives in welfare

payments and a small salary pension with his estranged wife. "It makes me angry more than anything else. You're willing to work but you have to go and wait, to me, it's like accepting charity. I get so frustrated when I talk about it."

Nicholson and thousands of other Canadians like him are known as "in-betweens," the newly unemployed who have been out of work so long that the time during which they were eligible to collect unemployment insurance has expired. In recent years an average of 35,000 to 50,000 people have been falling into this category each month, with 2,000 to 3,000 of these turning to welfare because they could not find jobs and had no other source of support. But Canada's economic free fall now is proving to be too much for the unemployment insurance safety net to contain, as recent statistics on advance spokesmen

show. With the unemployment rate at 8.2 per cent, the total number of in-betweens is expected to climb to as high as 50,000 a month by the end of 1982, and to 50,000 by the middle of 1983. Of those, an estimated 3,000 a month are expected to turn to welfare. In Winnipeg, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers official Bud Kaloshe, who has helpfully watched half of his 35-member local file for unemployment insurance benefits, does not mince words. "It's a bloody scandalous situation," he says. "I have guys phoning me all the time just wanting to talk about what it's like being out of work and asking if there's any hope for a job."

And, as Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy flies back and forth across the country this week seeking support for the \$500-million federal New Employment Expansion and Development program (NEED), his critics argue that Ottawa is offering too little, too late. The scheme, announced last week by Finance Minister Marc Lalonde, is designed to create 60,000 jobs during the next 18 months. But News Service Social Services Minister Edmund Byrne, for one, is unimpressed. "If the journey of getting back on a prosperous path economically is 100 miles, I would guess Mr. Lalonde has got us up to about six or seven," says Morris. "What we need are 100 pilot steps, and he took one or two baby steps."

Crucial Morris speaks from experience. His own ministry is trying to fight its way out of a mountain of disagreeable statistics that has grown high in recent months. He has pledged an additional \$4.2 billion this year to municipalities to deal with the exorbitant welfare costs are split 50-50 between Ottawa and most of the provinces, and, in recent cases, the municipalities add to the fund. That raises the total provincial welfare tab to \$72 million. The story is repeated across the country. In British Columbia the cost-strapped government faces a \$100-million overrun in its welfare payments. Quebec is responsible for a full 38 per cent of the country's outlays. The new breed—the "unemployable unemployed"—in Ottawa jargon—has not only created a financial crisis but also altered the public stereotype of welfare recipients. "Traditionally, people on welfare have been seen as those incapable or unwilling to be producers," says O. Genick, head of the economics department at the University of Waterloo. "That today the typical person on welfare has been a highly productive member of society."

As welfare forms are filled out, counselors are dealing with the shame of first-time applicants. Dawn McEwen, a counsellor for the Association for Family Life in Halifax, says that for middle-

class people it is "very often a cloaked kind of problem." But, to qualify for welfare, applicants are subjected to a public screening. Mel Padaly, regional director for the Alberta social services and community health department, says clients must wait, sometimes four to five hours, in reception rooms that were not designed to handle the growing crowds now using them. "That, combined with personal pressures, leads to some confrontations, including physical ones," he says. "People are a lot more desperate."

Clearly, many communities suffering through the recession are confronting their problems head-on by forming local committees to help the unemployed. Campbell River, a logging town on Vancouver Island, recently held a "Hard Times" dance to raise money, and some residents, such as 39-year-old Vince Deberry, have formed a committee of the unemployed that runs a daily soup kitchen. Deberry moved to Campbell River last year after losing his job as a shipper-receiver in Prince George, another B.C. town hit hard by recession. Since his unemployment insurance ran out in June, Deberry and his common-law wife, Brenda Fraser, 32, have lived on \$320 a month in welfare payments, augmented by a \$25 prenatal bonus for pregnant Brenda. Their food expenses consume all but a few dollars each month and "by the last week we are sitting there just keeping," says Deberry. The soup kitchen feeds about 40 people a day, serving soup or stew, day-old bread and ham and—if the donations have been good—vegetables or salmon.

Some of the contributions come from old-age pensioners who remember the Great Depression. "I have realized that I'm not the only one in this situation," Deberry says. "It's nice that everybody is starting to get together."

But the plight of that province's unemployed clients angers politicians from labor leader Jack Munro. Skaggs the Inter-union Workers of America regional director. "If the government can't help out those in need," says Peterson, it can afford to pay some money to human beings." The largest industrial union in the province has seen 30 per cent of its membership, totaling 35,000 workers, laid off, and more are expected to lose their jobs this winter. The IWA itself is also in danger of some of its 32 paid staff members. In Montreal, the federal government should continue to pay unemployment in-



Nicholson filling in time at his home in Halifax, waiting for help

advance benefits to woodworkers until the economy improves. Axworthy, for one, will not go that far. But his committee to determine exactly how the \$300-million NEED program should be altered and "where the problems are the most severe."

In Calgary Doris Kelly, who lives with her 12-year-old son in a subsidized apartment, will cannot figure out how the program will benefit her. The 40-year-old former real estate agent, whose husband walked out on her shortly after her son's birth, is at the end of her 50-week unemployment

insurance benefits and scheduled to go on welfare. Years ago she was a top legal secretary well respected in her neck and spine unpaired her ability to type for long periods. But she took a real estate course and was "doing quite well" until last winter. "I was laid off," she says. "During the past few months, Kelly says, she has felt "utter desperation," and her recent experiences have been nightmares. First, she and her son were evicted from their apartment. Then, the boy was suddenly assaulted in a downtown park. Kelly

even fantasized giving up her son so that he could "have proper food even if I didn't eat." But she has not quit—yet. "I want to start working again," says Kelly, "and when I do, I never want to see Ruth Danes again."

PARADOX. The Woodall family in Winnipeg has not yet reached such desperate straits. But Murray Woodall, an out-of-work electrician with 38 years of experience, says his unemployment insurance cheque barely covers his mortgage payments. With a household including three children and his wife, Rosemary, a part-time hairdresser, he says bitterly, "You really get fed up. I'm the type of guy who would go from one end of Canada to the other for work—but there's nothing right now." For Woodall—and hundreds of thousands of others in the same depressing situation—the only federal program worthy of consideration is one that would provide him with a job, immediately. Otherwise, all the grandiose federal schemes will amount to nothing more than, as Newfoundland Social Services Minister Tom Hickey says, "putting the second fivers around the graveyard." Murray Woodall insists that he is not giving up. He will "survive somehow." But, for now, as for David Nicholson in Halifax, it is a daily struggle just to keep his self-respect alive.

With Melodine Olen in Vancouver, Cheryl McNice in Calgary, Cathy Gordy-Gordon in Winnipeg, Julie Gaudin in Toronto, and Michael Chagnon in Halifax.

The Woodall family in Winnipeg: without work "you really get fed up"



Changing the guard with a well-used broom

With each stride, the broom sweeping through the corridors of Ottawa moves closer to the office of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Tremors of anticipation that through the capital last week when 60-year-old entrepreneur Michael Pitfield, Trudeau's leading adviser and longtime confidant, announced his resignation. But the excitement soon faded. It took Trudeau watchers only hours to twig to the old realities—the broom always stays at the prime minister's door. He will sweep out of office, not be swept.

Pitfield's departure—less expected but still a surprise even to the most powerful ministers when it finally came—provided little more than another item on the list about Trudeau's plans. But it did lock into place a pattern of top-level government changes that have transformed the official face of Ottawa in the past four months. The old Trudeau is not just of loyal, power-

wielding ideologues; it almost goes. Now in business is a new team of pragmatic managers—led by career civil servant Gordon Osbaldeston—charged with pulling the country through the leanest years since the Great Depression.

Trudeau offered Liberal members of Parliament only the briefest of a 15-minute session when asked about Pitfield's abrupt departure at the party's weekly caucus meeting. "We are making some major changes for the hard, steady path that we have ahead," he said. The resignation of the country's top public servant caps a series of shifts that began with the launching of the government's 80-and-500 restaurant program last June. It is an all-out effort to reassure the jittery investment community, the government held an intensive round of late summer meetings with top corporate spokesmen, followed by two business-planning cabinet shuffles. In the first, retired tennis star Allan MacKenzie was removed from the grating finance port-

folio and replaced by a vigorous Marc Lalonde, who set out to show the private sector that he could shed the nationalist image that he acquired as energy minister in the second shuffle. Herb Gray, with his buy-back-Canada leanings, was replaced by freemoving salesman Ed Lumsley, and Senator Bud Olson, the little-known Alberta rancher in charge of economic development, gave way to Montreal tax lawyer Donald Johnston, one of the few Trudeau intimates admired by the business community. With Pitfield's resignation last week, the transformation of Trudeau's economic team is almost complete. But further changes of senior ministers may be on the way.

Swan figure. After the shock of the Pitfield resignation—effective at the end of the year—were all the questions echoing through the halls of Ottawa was not why, but why now? Pitfield has no firm job plans although he says he is exploring several options in government, the private sector and the academic community. His explanation, as he reluctantly faced the television cameras the night of his resignation, did little to satisfy Ottawa's gossip or political fervors. "One second, by all events, the best time [to leave] because we have finished the planning cycle and we are beginning a new parliamentary session," he said. As for running the



Arriving Osbaldeston (left) and departing Pitfield. Is Trudeau far behind?



ability to draw a conscience from any meeting. "He was very popular with his colleagues here," said an official at the Treasury Board, where Osbaldeston spent three years as secretary, the top position in the department. "He let you know what he wanted clearly and precisely." The ex-worker describes Osbaldeston as soft-spoken and quietly efficient and remembers him leaning on a typewriter right with two leading briefcases full of papers. "It seems to me he was always working so hard he couldn't have had many pastimes," says the official.

Country. Osbaldeston's friends scoff at this stereotype of an affable card-board burlesque. The father of four girls and cross-country skier and takes summer vacations in a camper. In style and background he is a total contrast to Pitfield. The son of a Hamilton, Ont., furniture dealer, Osbaldeston studied commerce at the University of Toronto, then went on to get an M.A. at the University of Western Ontario. Pitfield grew up on the poorest neighborhood of old English Montreal's "Square Mile," the son of successful investment dealer. And Pitfield, who died when Michael was just 3 years old. He obtained his first university degree at 18 and was called to the Quebec bar at 25. Osbaldeston began his government career by striking out for Brazil—his first time

300-person backroom office for the prime minister and cabinet, Pitfield added. "It seems a good time to introduce into the Privy Council Office [PCO] a fresh figure with a very considerable amount of economic expertise."

That fresh figure is Osbaldeston (pronounced Os-bald-est-on), a 48-year-old career civil servant who holds the rare distinction of having virtually no success in Ottawa. He has worked equally well with Liberal and Conserva-

tive governments in his 28 years in the public service. Former Conservative economic development minister Robert de Courcy, now a senior vice-president at the National Bank of Canada in Montreal, enthusiastically commended Osbaldeston for hard work and industry during the Tories' nine months in power. Past and present Liberal cabinet ministers were unanimous in their praise. In particular, former associate leader Osbaldeston, for a century

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outside North America—as a 32-year-old trade coordinator with a wife who was eight months pregnant. Pitfield, who remained a bachelor until 34, began his Ottawa career at 22 as an aide to the then-junior minister David Fulton. Two years later he moved to Ottawa Hill as an attaché to then-Gov Gen Georges Vanier, supervising a royal commission on taxation on the side. While Obolensky worked his way through the swirls of the trade service, with stints in São Paulo, Chicago and Los Angeles, Pitfield had already moved into the PTO, along with Marc Lalonde, then policy adviser to Prime Minister Lester Pearson. Both Lalonde and Pitfield—then a civil servant—were instrumental in Trudeau's 1968 bid for the Liberal leadership. While Pitfield is a tall, grumpy, brooding figure, Obolensky, seven years his senior, looks like a preoccupied businessman, scrupulously from a corporate executive's note. The two men share one trait—an inordinate fondness for scribbling notes, although Pitfield's more rapid, Obolensky's more careful. Of course, with Pitfield an office with enormous power to influence affairs of state. He will supply crucial last-minute advice to the prime minister on cabinet shuffles and senior bureaucratic appointments. He will be running the PTO nerve centre that shapes decisions by ministers. With Obolensky's commitment to efficiency and sharing of power, he would appear to be an ideal working partner for almost any future prime minister.

In December he will assume both Pitfield's imposing office, which overlooks Parliament Hill, and his titles, clerk of the Privy Council and secretary to the cabinet. In the meantime, he will oversee Obolensky in awaiting the limelight and saying little about his plans. But his track record offers a host of hints of what to expect: Obolensky has a reputation as a good listener, a solid organizer and a calm manager of personnel. "He treats people—he gives them a job and lets them do it," says a highly placed Liberal. That ability to delegate, says the administration insider, will make a marked departure from the PTO field era, when cabinet ministers and senior bureaucrats constantly found themselves overruled and out-maneuvred by Trudeau's inner circle.

If Pitfield has any parting reflections, he is keeping them to himself. "I don't know," he says. "I should be married. I would be very glad to receive you and comment," he told reporters. Then he retreated to his line, with a self-conscious laugh that only barely concealed the end of an era.

—CAROL GALT in Ottawa



Chairman John Halliwell, outspoken, but steering clear of the jargon

Leaning on the ivory tower

On paper, Finance Minister Marc Lalonde's new board of economic advisers looks like an excellent dry asidians with impressive doctorates and lists of learned publications to their credit. In real life, the new panel includes a left-leaning woman who cannot wait to challenge Lalonde at the squash court and a Quebecer with four adopted Korean children.

Lalonde announced the establishment of the eight-member board, under the chairmanship of University of British Columbia economist John Halliwell, as part of last week's economic statement. The expanded panel will pass its opinions to Lalonde after meeting every six to eight weeks at breakfast meetings across the country.

The eight panelists are: John Halliwell, 43, chairman, professor of economics at the University of British Columbia. He has one of the most sophisticated computer models in the country for plotting where the economy is headed. A Rhodes Scholar who was born and raised in Vancouver, he is outspoken and approachable. He also attempts to avoid the economic jargon common to his profession.

Joseph Alexander, 51, head of economics at the University of Regina. He is interested in foreign ownership of the Canadian economy, consumer behavior and women's issues. Born in Australia, he was educated in Canada and took her PhD at Queen's University. John Graham, 58, a Calgary man who has been firmly rooted in the West since a senior economics professor at Dalhousie University. He earned his PhD at Columbia University, then settled in Halifax. He has played a key role in royal commissions on taxation, education and youth in Atlantic Canada.

Peter Fortin, 38, a professor at Laval University. He is one of the bright young economists respected by the Parti Québécois. He and his wife, Michelle, a senior bureaucrat in the province's education ministry, have four adopted Korean children. In recent weeks Fortin has been referred to as falling in love with money, not his, along with Graham, was one of 80 economists who signed a statement calling the government's monetary policy a prescription for depression.

David Laidler, 44, born in Toronto, England, and now chairman of the economics department at the University of Western Ontario. The author of several widely read economic textbooks, Laidler is a monetarist who feels controlling the money supply is crucial in the fight against inflation.

André Picopied, 40, former president of the Economic Council of Canada in its heyday during the mid-1970s. He worked for four years as a Liberal in the Quebec National Assembly, then returned last year to the University of Montreal.

Tom Wilson, 55, the Vancouver-born acting chairman of the economics department at the University of Toronto. His interests as an economist range from energy policy and the reliability of forecasting to the power of advertising and the usefulness of income control. Douglas Purvis, 55, is the youngest of the economists on the panel. Purvis was born in Orléans, Alta., and earned his doctorate at the University of Chicago. He is a socialist in international exchange rates and one of the authors of an introductory economics text used by many Canadian universities. □

NEWFOUNDLAND

The offshore inquest begins

The heavy oil rigs were returning to the Grand Banks last week, but the unfolding drama was back on Newfoundland's shores. In St. John's, the province's offshore oil future suddenly focused on a civil inquiry into the sinking of the Ocean Ranger nine months ago. In an earlier church service in St. John's, Newfoundland Supreme Court Chief Justice Alex Hickman bluntly warned the American owner of the rig that the company could not withhold witnesses or reports from his probe into why his man died in a raging storm last February.

As he spoke, operators of two more giant drilling platforms—Senco 506 and the Zapata Ligand—already in position on the Grand Banks swayed only an official gas signal from the Newfoundland energy department this week to begin the fourth winter on the Banks. A third, the Norwegian-owned West Venture, was undergoing rigorous government inspection at Miramichi on Newfoundland's south shore before joining the North Atlantic quest. And a fourth, the U.S.-owned John Shaw, which recently escaped from Japan's Mikumi-shi shipwreck, will drift steadily through the heart of the St. Lawrence Canal toward its chilly rendezvous.

Despite the details of the sea tragedy at the St. John's hearing, there was no shortage of moments to mark the four rigs or the offshore scene—new signs in pressbox windows. In a letter home, one of the 35-man crew sailing the John Shaw from Japan boasted that the platform stood "steadily as a rock" when it encountered a typhoon off Okinawa.

Safety is the company's concern, but, outside the hearing, jobs are also at issue. Each rig provides an estimated 300 positions off and onshore. With 15,000 applications for the jobs already on file, the rigs require staff at a rate 30 per day. Says Wayne Humphreys, of the Newfoundland department of labor and manpower, "Even the day the Ranger sank, 16 people came in and signed up."

Last week's hearing, however, was not about employment but the role of life. There was an opening-day rush to the hearing: the Ocean Drilling and Exploration Co. (ODECO) of New Orleans, La., owner of the ill-fated Ocean Ranger, and Chief Justice Hickman. Both sides argued a long case. Justice Martin argued that ODECO had refused to allow unconditional testimony by four executives—the Ranger's designer, the supervisor of the rig's construction, the staffer who drafted the rig's stability specifications and the designer of the control room. ODECO, Martin said,

would only let them testify on condition that they not be questioned about the company's other drill rigs. ODECO lawyer George Prout explained that the testimony could reveal "proprietary information" about other rigs that only superficially resembled the Ocean Ranger. Conscience lawyer Martin argued that neither he nor the company could decide what questions were relevant—that only the federal-provincial inquiry could do so.

Martin also asked his disapproving about ODECO's refusal to allow this

about who was the commander in a crisis. Dicks first insisted that the captain was ultimately in charge of safety and reliability, although only on active command when the moving rig encountered a ship. The inspector, or rig foreman, he said, was in charge when drilling was under way. But, in dangerous weather, who would give the order for "heaving off" or disconnecting from the job? Dicks's final answer: the tugmaster. Former Newfoundland attorney minister Leo Barry, the lawyer representing families of some of the victims, declared outside the courtroom, "It sure as hell became important to know who was in charge. It is the agony of the moment, not there on that day."

There was little lack of precision



The Zapata Ligand drilling rig, in an eastern church basement, why did it sink

year to allow the commission to send divers down to the rig to gather evidence. In the end, the commission ignored the company's wishes and its divers recovered the required evidence. Hickman was impassive as ODECO's Prout explained that his company wanted controls on evidence gathered because it fears many Ranger-related lawsuits in the United States.

ODECO objections mounted during the next two days of questioning of Capt. Geoffrey Dicks, the master of the Ranger since 1978 who looked off-shift three weeks before the sinking. At issue were questions to Dicks about the adequacy of safety, emergency procedures aboard the rig and, most significantly,

when it came to the critical matter of who controlled the filling and emptying of ballast tanks. Radio messages from the Ranger during the storm reported that there was water in the control room after a portball broke and there were "valves opening and closing by themselves." Yet Dicks admitted that he did not know of an emergency backup method for shutting the valves until after the Ranger went down.

ODECO lawyers objected to this persistent questioning of Dicks, but Hickman ruled the questions in order. For the Ranger owners, at least, the commission seemed to mark more life in the question than an inquiry.

—RANDOLPH JONES in St. John's

Scalpels with a cause



Manitoba physicians on strike: fax deductions, bending arbitration, restraint

With one physician for every 75 residents, the Winnipeg suburb of St. Boniface should have been the most medically secure community in Canada. Unfortunately, the 690 doctors who gathered at the Franco-Manitobain national strike two days early last week were on strike. The physicians, from across the province, had closed their offices for the day to show support for bending arbitration in negotiations with the government on fee increases.

The one-day strike and a \$125,000 newspaper and TV advertising campaign were tactics aimed at helping doctors to gain at least a draw in the latest round of negotiations with Premier Howard Pawley's New Democratic Party government. Now, Manitoba doctors, like their white-coated colleagues in Ontario, are in the same uncomfortable position as their BC counterparts were recently in the business end of scalpels wielded by provincial governments intent on cutting their soaring medical costs.

In British Columbia doctors' incomes were pared after physicians renounced province fees voted narrowly and reluctantly to return \$50 million to the cash-strapped province. For BC doctors there was some consolation that the "gift," an average of \$4,000 from each of the 4,000 doctors, could be claimed as a tax deduction. It also meant that residents were already guaranteed with the government will remain intact, saving

as a starting point for increases in the future.

In Manitoba the doctors have the comfort of not being asked to follow the unsettling BC precedent, but it is small comfort indeed. Last January the doctors demanded a 30-per-cent increase in fees but, despite a series of rotating strikes, they were string-armed into accepting a 10-per-cent increase after threats by the government that the next offer would be even lower. Now, more than 1,000 doctors who get their fees through medicare are angered by negotiations that have dragged on for months each year. They want the issue to be settled by an independent arbitrator, who might give them a better deal than the government.

Manitoba Health Minister Larry Dearden, for one, is willing to try arbitration for a two-year test period. But his ministry's proposal has what the Manitoba Medical Association calls "some very thick sticks." Essentially, the government wants the doctors to give up their right to opt out of medicare if it agrees to compulsory arbitration. Since only about 8% of the province's 600 doctors who are in the program choose to opt out each year, the association scoffs at government attempts to link that issue with compulsory arbitration. "We can understand the government's concerns about doctors opting out during fee negotiations, but we really don't believe that such a thing would happen in large num-

bers," says John Hagmann, association spokesman.

Negotiations over fee cutbacks in Ontario are less disputatious, so far at least. In late September Premier William Davis asked doctors to voluntarily take a lie sit. "I would like to think the medical profession—as professionals and leaders in the community—has some sensitivity to the problem [of the economy]," said Davis, after introducing wage constraints for public employees in the province. They are now restricted to nine-per-cent increases in contracts signed before Oct. 1 and five per cent for agreements made after that date. Meanwhile, Dr. Murray Mandman, the president of the Ontario Medical Association, is sounding out the doctors' reaction to the Davis plan. Their mood is likely to be critical, since doctors staged rotating strikes throughout the province last April to win the increases now threatened by restraint. The government, meanwhile, has not said what response it will have to a rejection of the red-bellied proposal.

Doctors in all three provinces acknowledge that it is difficult to convince other Canadians that they are not behaving irresponsibly at a time of severe economic distress. Their task is made even more difficult as the public becomes aware that many doctors receive as much as \$70,000 in medicare fees each year. "A large number of our members feel they have already made great sacrifices," said Dr. William Jory, president of the B.C. Medical Association, after 52.5 per cent of the doctors voting on the rebate plan agreed to refuse some of their fees. Still, as governments try to cure the illness economy by trying universal restraint, the message to doctors is clear: physicians best thyself.

—MELISSA GILBY in Vancouver, with Catherine Cayle-Gordon in Winnipeg and Carol Driscoll in Toronto.

B.C.'s Dr. William Jory, associate



BASKETCROWAN

The world as seen from city hall

Municipal elections in Canada are inherently the preserve of local issues, a forum in which community personalities debate community issues. But, last week, the first fringes of what is about to become a national outpouring of grassroots activism on an issue of grave international importance—the stockpiling of arsenals in Saskatchewan. Voters in five municipal elections, including Regina, heard the unequivocal message that they not only demanded a halt to the arms race but they want the world to abandon nuclear weapons as well.

The anti-nuclear vote in referendums attached to the ballots averaged an impressive 74 per cent, but the strength of feeling seems to be surprise to James Stark, founder of Operation Dismantle, an Ottawa-based group committed to worldwide disarmament. Convinced that Canadians could not resist voting for a nuclear-free world if given the chance, Stark and his concerned colleagues have been working for 3½ years to have the issue placed on ballots here and around the world. Within the next year voters in another 125 communities across Canada will have a chance to respond to growing fears of a nuclear holocaust.

In Regina, 55.98—or 75 per cent—voted yes to a question asking if voters support the "goal of general disarmament and mandate your government to negotiate and implement with other governments the balanced steps to achieve the goal in the shortest possible time." Those are the regular results in the communities of Estevan, Weyburn, Langenburg and Meadow Lake.

Earlier in October residents of Grimshaw, Alta., and Chester, N.B., voted 71 and 78 per cent in favour of "general disarmament," a United Nations forerunner leading to the gradual elimination of nuclear weapons and a reduction of conventional armaments. But last week was the first time consecutive areas across a province had voted unanimously on the highly charged issue. The next big batch of results will come from Quebec and Ontario, where the disarmament question is on 99 ballots in municipal elections next week.

But, even if Stark gets the overwhelming vote for disarmament that he expects, his task is just beginning. Then, the campaign will move to the United Nations, where his ally in the world is a vote for a nuclear-free world will be put to the test.

—DALE REISLER in Regina.



The Tribute Money: when experts differ

OTTAWA

A painting less than it seems?

The National Gallery of Canada had reserved its first unveiling ceremony more than a year ago for a token of Dutch art historian sent word that one of Ottawa's two Rembrandts was actually painted by someone else. It was small comfort, where the group's findings ignited last night last week, that some of the greatest galleries in the world are also among the owners of 94 works whose pedigrees have been impugned.

After a painstaking 10-year study, almost half of the 94 paintings commonly ascribed to Rembrandt's early period (1625-31) suddenly seemed about to be donated to the "artist-unknown" collection of the catalogues. They have not, certainly, been written off as fakes—a vulgarism that drives a shudder through any curator. Rather, is the fascinating idea of the profession, the group concluded, namely that the 44 percent be accepted as the original work of Rembrandt van Rijn.

The historical period had visited Ottawa during a worldwide inspection of Rembrandt's works, undertaken to compile a comprehensive catalogue of the immensely prolific artist's oeuvre. (Rembrandt, who lived 69 years, in cred-

ited with more than 600 paintings, about 300 etchings and almost 2,000 drawings.) On Feb. 1, 1981, the issue informed the National Gallery in writing that The Tribute Money was not by Rembrandt. The letter offered no supporting evidence for the claim, and the gallery held no more about it until excerpts of the first volume of the study were leaked to the press in The Hague.

In the absence of contemporary evidence, the gallery remains certain that both its Rembrandts are real. "All the physical signs are present," says acting gallery director Joseph Martin of the work. Infrared scans, X-rays and dendrochronological analysis, dating the wood panel on which

the artist worked, all support the belief that Rembrandt himself painted the small (62 cm by 33 cm) depiction of Jesus surrounded by 12 apostles. Since the upper right corner it bears the date 1628 and the letters RH—the monogram Rembrandt used at the time, standing for his own name, his father's name, Harmen, and the Latin word for city where he lived until 1632.

The Dutch group's doubts apparently arose only for technical reasons. Dr. Jean Bethelien, Bagg, gallery director when The Tribute Money was bought from a London dealer in 1907 (for a reported \$254,000) says the painting's theme, style and scientific examination and was vetted by three outside experts at the time. It had previously hung in the collection of Sir John Bala, a South African diamond tycoon.

The mystery passed by the Dutch study is who—if not Rembrandt—did both the genius to paint such a marvellous picture and the motive to apply Rembrandt's monogram. After all, the master was only 32—and surely not yet successful enough to give a ferrying much value. The Dutch group suggests that the painting may be the work of Willem de Vost, who studied with Rembrandt in his early days, and of different reasons in his art, as well as for Rembrandt being a jolly satirist. For curators around the world there was deep embarrassment: their employees expect them to know what they are buying.

*The other painting, The Tribute of Money, is from a later period.



WORLD

The Socialists conquer Spain

By David Beard

It was the moment Spaniards had awaited—and the world had expected—for months. Outside the plush Palace Hotel thousands of astute Madrileños danced in the street, brandishing red rosettes, symbol of the victorious Socialist party. Inside, party leader Felipe González accepted through another celebrating crowd to announce that the Socialists were ready to govern. Promising "dialogue and co-operation," he called for support from all sections of society. As the champagne flowed, party workers declared joyously: "The change [of colour] has begun."

That view seemed accurate enough. The Socialists' landslide victory—398 seats out of 580 in the Cortes (parliament)—brought 46 per cent of the voters' (brought left-wing government) back to the country for the first time since 1939, when former dictator Gen. Francisco Franco's victorious armies forced the surrender of their Republic supporters and ousted the popularly elected socialist government. The González conquest alone brought to power a new generation of Spanish politicians, none of whom held office under Franco. Not

only that, but by ousting the former governing Democratic Centre to political oblivion—it won only 12 seats—González' Socialists broke the myth of Spanish politics since Franco. With 306 seats going to the conservative Popular Alliance led by Manuel Fraga, the battle lines are now clearly drawn between left and right.

But it was a change of another kind that González promised voters in his gripping 36-day, 16,000-km election campaign: the need for moral regeneration to create "a new model of society." In all, 9.6 million of the 21 million Spaniards who voted agreed with him. As 27-year-old Madrid housewife Isabel Díaz said: "It was not a question of voting for more justice or more anything. I voted Socialist because we needed some change in this country." But the answering last month of a military plot to seize power, only 29 months after an earlier attempt failed, showed how fragile is Spain's ability to change democratically.

Few doubt that there will be more conspiracies among extremists nastily for the Franco years and more will depend on how constructive Fraga's Alliance proves to be in opposition. An authoritarian information minister under Fraga, Fraga still has, says so-

ther and journalist Luis Carrido, the manner of a Roman emperor. While he describes himself as a liberal conservative, he was outraged during the campaign for expressing sympathy for the military plotters.

Repeat the continuing threat of a takeover, the new government will have to soften the open hostility of big business, feudal-minded landowners and traditionalists with the church. The leading businessmen's association spent 12 million during the campaign to swing votes to Fraga, who wanted to lead Spain along the economic trail blazed by Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and US President Ronald Reagan. Conservative analysts alleged that the Socialist party's policies are antithetical to rain.

For their part, González supporters claim to have learned from the errors of Franco's Socialist President Francisco Mitterrand. They say they will neither plunge into large-scale changes nor assume extreme measures. But that only confirms the criticism of such Spaniards as Juan Manuel Sánchez Gordillo, 30, mayor of the village of Machuelillo in Seville province. Sánchez Gordillo has led hunger strikes of landless workers demanding just a rubato

Spaniards celebrate party against

(food and work). "With so many people and all the pressure from the entrenched establishment," he says, "the government is not going to have any real power in its hands. I don't expect any fundamental changes."

González was not flipping his hand. He vowed to remain Officer from the British and promised a referendum on whether or not Spain should stay in NATO, a course that many Socialists repeated when it happened last May. But when asked about his future stance, the prime minister declared, "We don't make the country function." But that is easier said than done. The inertia and inefficiency of the Spanish bureaucracy is notorious. The Socialist plan to modernize the administration and outlaw the doubtful practices. The country's expensive social security system, which costs \$24 billion and is mired with corruption, will be a prime target. But the Socialists will be walking into tightrope in their attempt to weed the deadwood and the fascist survivors of the Franco years out of the ministries, the police force, the judiciary and the education system.

In contrast to his caution on reform, González is likely to lead a revolution in style in a nation accustomed to aloof, Olympian rulers. After he moves into the heavily guarded Moncloa Palace in Madrid's outskirts with his schoolteacher wife, Carmen, and their children, Pablo, David and Maria, González will launch an intensive prime ministry. He plans regular television talks with the nation and will install a cabinet's hotline to hear problems or complaints.

The Socialist leadership has virtually no experience with power and likely will recruit key bureaucrats outside civil service ranks. Almost certainly the party's shrewd strategist, Alfonso Guerra, will be the deputy prime minister. Guerra, 42, is González' night-hand man and a member of the "Seville Mafia," named after the party's 1974. Gated control of the party in 1974, noted for its vibrant success, he dismissed the Democratic Centre as Francoists in the closing stages of the campaign last week. "They are the same dogs but with different collars," he said.

González himself will assume the burdensome defence portfolio, the better to oversee personally the delicate task of defusing continuing threats of

military intervention. He is likely to delay the party's promised referendum on NATO or the premise that if Spain stays in the alliance, the generals will be preoccupied with external threats rather than internal plotting. But he will also have to tackle the problem with his military directly. In reviewing appointments by the last government, the Socialists will turn a keen eye on the likes of armed forces chief Gen. Alonso Ladrada, who seems nervously concerned about "invisible pits" in the press

vestment, incentives for small and medium businesses and a crackdown on tax evaders. Devolution is also a probability, despite Socialist doubts during the campaign. The points has fallen in value by 30 per cent since this year against the US dollar.

Apart from defence and economics, the most difficult assignment may be that of interior minister. But in security matters there are some slight grounds for optimism. Although there were two bomb explosions outside banks in the

Basque region on yesterday, the political wing of the hard-line ETA terrorists last week suggested that they may declare a truce and negotiate with the new Socialist prime minister.

One spot in the cabinet—possibly that of foreign minister—will not certainly be reserved for Francisco Fernández Robles, 52, leader of a social democratic faction allied with the Socialists. Two other candidates within González' inner circle are Javier Solana, a 40-year-old university professor who is also a close friend, and Carlos de Viterbo, a 40-year-old lawyer and socialist. Obviously, none of the soil and green-chained hands do not stand in the upper echelons of the Socialist party hierarchy, radicals and grassroots members suspect the moderate college graduates who have risen to power.

But González, a chairman's son from Seville, who used to turn up for school smelling of burgundy essence, is above office suspicions. He was a young Socialist at 38, a secretary—code-named "Javier"—of his anti-Franco underground party at 35, and, now, the West's youngest prime minister. The former lawyer discarded the traditional, open-shirt style that was once a trademark. The success of 30 years of political plot have assumed his handsome features. His manner is as informal as even his sincerity impressive and his character a celebrated plot on the stage.

González is optimistically about the challenges ahead—especially from the right. "His copy is going to work," he boasted, "because we are going to understand that we are brothers, and because I am always going to tell the truth to the military." As the election festivities merged with joy about this week's visit of Pope John Paul II, would-be critics may hope that the new leader's political faith is not misplaced. □



Socialist chief González: a revolution in political style

than business in the army.

The top candidate for economic success is Miguel Boyer, a capable former adviser to the bank of Spain with socialist descent to whom Boyer was once jailed under Franco for taking part in an illegal assembly. Now he occupies a leading post with a state energy organization. The Socialist medicine for the country's serious economic ills—16-per cent inflation, 12-per cent unemployment and near zero growth—includes shorter working hours, more public in-



MX designer William Shuter with branchlet challenging the concept of deterrence

THE UNITED STATES

The \$25-billion decision

This month President Ronald Reagan will confront the toughest military decision of his administration: to accept or reject a Pentagon recommendation on how to base the controversial MX missile. Some 200 Roman Catholic bishops will convene about five days later to debate a draft pastoral letter that explicitly challenges the moral legitimacy of the MX. Worse, the "dense pack" basing method, the option most favored in defense circles, is under attack as both strategically vulnerable and a violation of the unratified SALT II Treaty, which Washington nonetheless has pledged to uphold. The future of the U.S. nuclear policy rests on the president's choice, to be submitted to Congress by Dec. 3.

The rationale for the MX—that the current force of Titan and Minuteman missiles is now vulnerable to a Soviet first strike—is largely accepted by military analysts. Congress of SALT II's proponent of new, fixed missile sites, former president Jimmy Carter's planners devised the so-called race-track scheme, in which 200 MX missiles would constantly be shuttled between some 4,000 underground shelters in Nevada and Utah, a shuffling the best alternative. One hundred MX missiles would be put in superhardened silos, about half a kilometer apart. Attacking Soviet warheads would necessarily arrive in heavy

concentrations. The explosion of the first warhead would throw subsequent warheads off their trajectories, and, in theory, about half the MX missiles would survive for a counterstrike.

"It's a new idea, but it fails," claims former Pentagon consultant Richard Garwin, a senior fellow at MIT's Watson Research Laboratory. The Soviets could destroy the field in several ways, most boldly by releasing a dozen 20-megaton warheads over silos and destroying the site in one immense detonation.

If Garwin is right, Congress will likely be reluctant to appropriate construction funds. But if the European allies see a weakening of U.S. resolve to deploy the MX, they will attempt to accept chaotic nuclear forces—the controversial cruise and Pershing missiles—may also erode.

"The administration is in a bind of a box," concedes Barry Carter, vice-president of the liberal Arms Control Association. "It needs a viable alternative, and the choices are hard." There is no relief to come from the Catholic bishops and their headlong plunge into the nuclear debate. The draft letter, scheduled for release next spring, challenges the very basis of U.S. nuclear strategy—the concept of deterrence. "We do not perceive any situation in which the deliberate initiation of nuclear warfare, on however restricted a scale, can be morally justified," it says. But, according to Garwin, "The MX has a life of its own, the air force rejects the argument that works out the argument, that's valid." That means, as most agree will happen, that the missile will be deployed.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington

AUSTRALIA

Murder without a proper motive

The "dingo baby" case, billed as Australia's "trial of the century," ended last week in Darwin after 46 days with the conviction of Seventh-day Adventist pastor Michael Chamberlain and his wife—she for murdering her daughter, he as an accessory. But the testimony of the more than 40 witnesses failed to convert the case's two central mysteries: where the couple hid the body of nine-week-old Azaria and what the motive was for the crime.

The Chamberlains were on vacation at Ayers Rock, a remote tourist haunt in the center of the country, when Azaria disappeared in August, 1980. Lady Chamberlain later told an inquest that a dingo (a wild dog) had snide off with the baby from a campsite near the foot of the rock revered by aborigines as the Great Pebble. Her account was accepted by the coroner. But press speculation over Azaria's fate led to a second inquest, which revealed that forensic examinations had produced no trace of dingo saliva on Azaria's blood-stained clothing.

At the trial, the prosecution charged that Lady hid the baby's throat and (she) afterward the couple tried to conceal the crime by rubbing the baby's clothes in vegetation and cutting them with scissors to simulate a dingo bite. But the Chamberlains steadfastly maintained their innocence. And witnesses testified that dingoes in the area had, in fact, become a nuisance to tourists, even interfering in family soccer games. But Judge James Macfarlane told the jury of nine men and three women: "The dingo, ladies and gentlemen, yes, I suppose—like a dog, play and give a friendly nip on the bottom or take up soccer as we have heard. But it will not take up dreammaking with scissors."

The couple slumped heavily but gave no other sign of emotion when Lady Chamberlain, who is expecting another baby soon, was led away to begin a life sentence. Michael later received an 18-month suspended term. Afterward, cross-examined—and the millions who followed the trial daily—puzzled over Judge Macfarlane's final words to the jury. Warning the jurors to avoid speculation, he said that there was no evidence that Lady Chamberlain was suffering from postnatal depression or that Azaria was suffering from any disabling ailment. The evidence, said Judge Macfarlane, apparently unconscious of the irony, was that Lady was a caring, loving mother.

—PETER GUCKEN in Sydney

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Britain's GCHQ: touching raw nerves

THE UNITED STATES

Shake-up in the espionage trade

They found Kefauver Malek's body between the doors on the cabin porch. From his twisted metal cotage in the wooded Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, police recovered a dozen empty wine bottles. From his pickup truck parked outside, they took CIA documents and tape recordings and a 25-group photograph. His family expressed that he had deliberately killed himself by combining a drinking binge with exposure to the cold mountain air. Then, an official autopsy concluded that, while the former CIA agent had pneumonia and emphysema, alcohol did not kill him. Still, doctors were unable to pinpoint the cause of death and more tests were ordered.

Malek's death was particularly troubling because it was he who first alerted the CIA to the activities of Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil, accused of slugging, kidnapping Libyan terrorists. Terpil is still at large, but Malek's was to be an important witness at Wilson's trial, which begins this month. His demise last week also touched raw nerves in the U.S. intelligence community, which was already alarmed by a New York Times report that Geoffrey Prime, a former employee of Britain's Cheltenham electronic intelligence center, "was responsible for one of the most potentially damaging penetrations of Western intelligence since the Second World War." However, Malek's is the

second government witness to die under suspicious circumstances. Earlier this year a bombing explosion in Miami claimed the life of Cuban Rafael Vilvar, who was also in custody against Wilson in a murder conspiracy case involving a Libyan diplomat in Geneva. His death has been officially ruled an accident. Most CIA officers, past and present, tend to think the two deaths are coincidental. However, the FBI has launched an investigation of the Malek affair.

In Prime's case, the full extent of the damage that he caused by passing in-

formation to the Soviets during a nine-year stint at the British communications control staff has not been revealed. Citing U.S. sources, the Times said Prime may have passed as to Moscow not only secret SOVS codes but information gleaned from the center's own code-breaking facilities. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher refused to comment after the Times disclosures. But more details may emerge when Prime, who had been working as a taxi driver when he was arrested and charged with espionage last July, appears in court later this month.

It was also unclear why intelligence officers leaked details of Prime's activities to the Times. One theory was that U.S. intelligence is attempting to negotiate the \$60 about the value of Prime's material. Another view was that the CIA is presently angry with British intelligence for failing to detect Prime earlier and for not sharing material turned over by Vladimir Katschenko, a former vice-consul in the Soviet Embassy in Vienna who has defected to Britain. Katschenko is believed to have been working for the British for some time, and the United States may have been annoyed

that he was not shared. The British have now permitted Washington to defend the defector in return for access to yet another Russian spy, Andrey Treasman. The senior Polish backing officer in the West, Treasman changed sides in New York three months ago, and intelligence sources claim that he has "extraordinary" material. That, too, may be misinterpreted, of course. In the shadowy underworld of espionage, the most of truth is nearly always impossible to locate.

—MICHAEL PROCTOR, with William Louthery in Washington.

ISRAEL

Sharon fights on another front

Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon was full of confidence last week when he opened before the official Israeli inquiry into September's massacre at at least 300 Palestinians in the Sabra and Shatila camps outside Beirut. He asserted the three-man bench "I have nothing to hide."

Sharon, however, had nothing to reveal either. He repeated his earlier explanation about the surge of Israeli troops into West Beirut after Lebanese president-elect Bashir Gemayel's assassination on Sept. 14, that 2,000 Palestinian guerrillas remained behind when the militia left in August. He admitted that the Israeli should have known better than to allow the Christian Phalangist militia into areas occupied by their former enemies. But he insisted that there was no indication of the bloodshed to come. "Do you mean," asked inquiry member Justice Aharon Barak, "that a feeling of vengeance resulting from Bashir Gemayel's assassination was not a relevant consideration?" Barak told Sharon: "The tradition of vengeance among the Arabs does not include children, women and old people."

On the matter of the invasion of the camps, Sharon said his general—chief of northern command Maj. Gen. Amir Dreier and Chief of Staff Rafael Eytan—kept in touch with developments while he had been preoccupied with diplomacy. Finally, Eytan telephoned him to say that the Phalangists had "gone too far," said Sharon. "No one thought that civilians would not be killed, but it was clear that it was overdue." What about the 17-hour fight between Dreier's order to the Phalangists to withdraw and their actual departure? "Exhaustion," Sharon replied, since they had suffered casualties, the area was mined and threaded with underground bunkers, and their communications were bad.

The commission intends to call doctors and nurses who were working at the camps at the time of the massacre in the hope that their testimony and that of Israeli military witnesses and reporters may illuminate the tragedy where Sharon did not. But anticipating the effort is likely to be as arduous and complex as the talks on the withdrawal of foreign forces from Lebanon, which began in Beirut last week. If questions about the massacre are answered, the commission's recommendations could confront the cabinet with the agonizing issue of collective responsibility—and whether anyone should resign.

—ERIC SINKOVIC in Jerusalem.



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Robot beside a wood-slice-producing robot, Renault assembly plant; a new generation that handles jobs

BUSINESS

Canada confronts the robotics age

By Ian Austen and James Fleming

Almost every day since it arrived in Fort Erie, Ont., from Britain two years ago, a bright and Merit robot welder has performed much the same routine. Its electrical arc and hydraulic power pack humming, the robot arm swings and pivots a welder's gun through a sometimes jerky, computer-controlled routine. A human attendant stands at its side, waiting to serve up more parts for welding. But the product of the robot's labor is anything but a child of the so-called mechatronics age. Harber-Willy Limited is getting the \$165,000 machine through its kinetic paces to make the major portions of some rather antique-looking wood boxes.

More recently, the Merit has been joined by more robots in the factory run by Blat Hicher Jr. and his father. But they are still rare in the Canadian industrial scene. Currently, Canada is estimated to have between 206 and 306 robots in use, a far cry from the 15,000 or so in operation in Japan, the 6,500 in the United States and at least 16,000 in Western Europe. In those regions the robotics revolution is already well under way. But advanced in their development that concerns are increasing

about the dramatic social costs of the race to improve productivity by industrial automation. But, in Canada, the most pressing issues are when and how domestic industry will catch up with increasingly productive foreign competitors.

Modern, if belated, efforts are being made to draw Canada into the high-techno game. Last week officials of Ontario's ministry of industry set in motion a plan for a robotics technology centre, one of six high-tech labs in a recently approved \$16.6-million scheme Ontario Industry Minister Gordon Wilson, for one, is an enthusiastic proponent of robot technology. He acknowledges that his comments about microchips "read like a religious revelation" and he willingly—if clumsily—demonstrates his own Tektronix terminal, or a tiny neon laser. And, while some observers dismiss his ministry's scheme as just a feeble effort to help areas with high unemployment (see "robotics center" in last hard-hat), Peterborough, Walker made by his belief in the need to preach the high-tech gospel.

Still, some critics charge that no number of glitzy road shows can overcome the problems of a branch plant economy stuck as Canada's. Among them is C.B. Auksoo, the former presi-

dent of the Canadian United Electrical Workers. Auksoo fears that after U.S.-based companies boost their production through robots they may not feel a need to keep a shop in Canada running apace. What's more, even such boosters of industrial robots as Walker are not suggesting that Canada can play catch-up and start building systems from scratch. The problem is that the domestic market is simply not large enough to support such a move. And in international markets Canadian manufacturers would stand little chance against well-established foreign competitors. The only solution, producing foreign-designed goods under license. Says Walker: "We have a long way to go to equip our own factories. That's where licensing comes in. It can give us the immediate technology that we need."

While Canada bids itself out of the running in the worldwide race to build industrial robots, other nations have set a formidable pace in keeping with their reputations as leaders in applying technology to boost industrial productivity. Japanese companies began to investigate the potential of robots in 1967. Their strategy, acquire technology developed by a U.S. firm, Unimation Inc., and use it as a seed to grow their robotics industry. Now, Japan is easily the world

in size, and, eventually, since Japanese companies hope to introduce completely autonomous plants. Prototypes of robots that could make that possible already exist. The government-run Electrotechnical Laboratory in Tokyo, for one, has developed a robot that not only sees with an electronic eye but features a three-fingered hand that has sensitivity and dexterity to rival a human's. When British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was introduced to the robot on a recent trip to Japan, she eagerly thrust her hand into the robot's. Immediately, the sensitive fingers softly closed in what appeared to be a friendly handshake. "Oh, how gentle," declared Thatcher. Such favorable first impressions also translate into lucrative export contracts. In 1981 Japan shipped \$63 million (U.S.) worth of robot technology abroad, three times the figure in 1980.

The phenomenal growth made by Japanese companies in the international market have raised fears among competitor nations that they will be left behind in the robotics revolution. Spurred on by the Japanese example, the United States entered the fray in the early 1980s when General Motors became the first major industrial buyer by ordering more than 50 welders. But now, with robots in use in everything from the aerospace to the electronics industries, U.S. firms have required much of the lost ground. According to the Robot Institute of America, there were 2,500 robots at work in U.S. industry in 1986. Today, the figure has almost doubled, to 4,900. And Harley Shalton, a research fellow at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, predicts in a recent study that robot sales

in the United States will grow at a rate of 45 per cent a year for the next decade. At present, sales are hampered by the meagre number of potential customers. But, by 1990, Shalton expects annual sales to total \$800 million (U.S.). The strain in the competition was high. And the report has been noted by Western European governments and companies. With healthy injections of government cash for research and development, West German firms have taken the undisputed lead in robots on the Continent. Monthly 4,000 robots now live in German industry, more than in all of Europe's other major industrial countries combined.

French industry spokesmen concede that they came late to the game. However, the state-owned car manufacturer was the first to introduce robots in 1975, and about 2,000 robots are now in use there. But the French contend that their enthusiastic embrace of the new technology has propelled them into the front ranks of competition with the Americans and the Japanese. At least one of France's leading robotics research labs, a subterranean maze riddled with tunnels has been developed that can register pressure sensitivity when touched. The skin can be stretched over two chess pieces to produce a "robot" like that being developed by the Japanese. With some grace, French spokesmen also point out that Japanese welding robots are equipped with French-made electronic heads. The most dramatic French challenge to Japan, however, was launched last May at Renault's industrial vehicle subsidiary at Boulogne, in southeast France. Called the Flexible Workshop, it is a factory virtually without workers, capable of producing 100 truck transmissions a day.

The most obvious implication of the onslaught for workers is that assembly-line jobs will be lost on a massive scale. One conclusion is that some employees will be retained to supervise the automated operations. Another is that opposition to robots, major French unions have given their support to their introduction, provided they have a voice in the process and in the retraining of manpower. But, as more robots are introduced, that support may crumble when job losses start to outstrip gains.

Inevitably, if Canadian industries are not to lose even more ground to foreign competitors in the productivity race, they, too, must embrace robots with enthusiasm. However, before the blue-collar work force, like that of other nations, it is not a development that can be viewed with equanimity.

With Wayne Sydes in Tokyo, Marc Wilson in Paris, Peter Lewis in Brussels and William Leather in Washington.

Walker: 'It's the way to the future'



K-tel launches a book blitz

K-tel International Inc., the Winnipeg-based music merchandiser, has never been known for a subtle approach to marketing. But its high-profile TV commercials, delivered with all the reserve of a carry-over, have proven so successful that they can now be heard in 30 countries around the world. And this month K-tel is applying its creative technique to another field. On Nov. 10 it is launching an advertising blitz in Ireland and West Germany as an order to sell the latest addition to its list of products: books. In West Germany the national onslaught will attempt to sell a glossy, 600-page, hard-cover autumn book for the bargain-basement price of \$22.50. On the other hand, Dutch readers will be encouraged to invest in lighter fare: a 30-page soft-cover series of children's remembrances and anecdotes. K-tel's attempt to mass-market books strikes some observers as unusual. But



Philip Kivens: a new thrust in the empire

it is based on solid market research says company director Vin-Preston Raymond Kivens. "Our research shows that Europeans spend more on books than on records." What is more, K-tel will not lose down its path for the presumably more sensitive area of the reading public. Says cousin Phil, a native of Hoffer, Bunk, who used to sell jackets door to door: "The tone of our

advertising will be the same as for other K-tel products."

The European trial adds a major new chapter to K-tel's aggressive expansion record. Founded in 1969 by Philip Kivens, a Winnipeg entrepreneur, the company scored early success with the sock-it-to-them TV ads. Originally, its product line was limited to kitchen and household items—who can forget Veg Mite? Today, however, K-tel has almost abandoned gadgetry (except in Australia) and has expanded into real estate, oil wells and, most important, record albums. Most of its profits last year (\$5.1 million on sales of \$178 million) came from discs. And, in the past five years, it has managed to super-sell 125 million albums. Notably that, but in the United Kingdom K-tel is recording its own albums. Last year the first album of its "Hacked on Classics" series, featuring the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London, sold more than five million copies, and a second has just been released.

Now, the Kivens hope that their venture into publishing will go off. Says Raymond Kivens: "We stand here by December if publishing is profitable. If it is, we may introduce it in the other 23 countries in which we operate." In that event, Canadians, too, may be targets in K-tel's latest blitz.

—PETER CARLTON GORDON
in Winnipeg

CP Air flies in an heir apparent

It is not a preposterous dream to step into the presidency of a major Canadian airline—or any airline for that matter. Profits in the Canadian industry have plunged from \$1.2 billion in 1986 to a predicted deficit of \$100 million this year. But last week Don Colasay, the 51-year-old executive president of Pan Am/Aviation World Airways, picked up what some consider to be a formidable gauntlet. Vancouver-based CP Air, currently in a cost-cutting campaign because of losses that totalled \$88.3 million in the first half of 1987, announced that Colasay will take over from Ian Gray as president and head of operations on Nov. 15. More significantly, the American executive is already being touted as the successor to Gray's mantle as chief executive officer of the \$1-billion airline within three years.

For now, as president of the airline, Colasay will have more than enough problems to handle. Faced with over-

selling off its hotel holdings in a bid to keep flying. Then he tried to start Colasay Air, a regional airline based in Baltimore, Md., that would have flown to 30 U.S. cities. The plan was shelved last June when Colasay could not raise the necessary capital. The timing was fortuitous, however, because Colasay became available shortly before CP Air launched a continent-wide search for a successor to Gray, who, at 62, is less than three years from retirement.

The company is somewhat sensitive about hiring an American to watch over its bright orange planes, but officials

assert that they looked hard for a suitable Canadian before deciding on Colasay, a man who has been in the airline business since he joined Grimsby Electric's jet engine division in 1956. "Hell, William Van Horne was an American and he didn't do a bad job of running Canadian Pacific Railway," and company spokesman James McKeachie. As for Colasay, he was in Vancouver last week, house hunting and learning about the problems of CP Air firsthand before he starts making progress reports on how to fix them.

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

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straining business, the Canadian Pacific Ltd. subsidiary is being forced to trim its payroll. By January, 1988, the work force will have shrunk below 6,000 employees, from 8,000 a year earlier. The airline is still determined to compete with much larger Air Canada on coast-to-coast service. In fact, CP Air is locked in a discount fare war with its Concord-owned rival as well as with the smaller charter company, Wander International. The current battle began in Sept. 18, when the two scheduled airlines announced a new package of fall discount fares to compete with the latter's. But, at the same time, CP Air has cut some flights, sold off three aircraft, and grounded one of its medium-range fuel-guzzling DC-8s a year earlier than planned. In addition, it has postponed delivery of four new wide-body Boeing 767s until early 1988. Says Gray: "We are in the middle of a fast-modernization program but, so well, we are tightening our belts to weather the recession."

Still, the tall, Harvard-trained Colasay is no stranger to adversity. He left Pan Am after 11 years of service in 1981, at a time when the U.S. giant was absorbing heavy losses and

Lifting the lid from Dome

By Peter C. Newman

No matter what other large funds or small investors may be considering them, members of Canada's investment community are obsessed by the still unresolved fate of Dome Petroleum. The Calgary company was to have been the centerpiece of Canada's search to industrialize itself and energy self-sufficiency. Instead, it has become a symbol of mismanagement and failure on a grand scale—the Titanic of Canadian business.

In the debate about how and why it all happened, the voice of Jack Gallagher (who has, since 1983, been the architect of Dome's botched recovery) has been notably absent. The Dome chairman has dug himself in on the top floor of The Dome Tower in downtown Calgary, inaccessible to commentators and critics alike. In an exclusive statement for this column, he has broken that silence to give his version of Dome's slide.

"It's well known around here," he told me, "that I have always liked growing from within. I have always been philosophically against growth by acquisition, partially because people usually get hurt but mostly because I enjoy working in a smaller company where you can directly motivate people and have a hands-on operation. I didn't ignore our pattern of growth during the past two years because I was close to retirement and felt that I shouldn't impose my philosophy on the younger people who would be taking over. This was obviously a mistake on my part."

In justifying the \$6-billion takeover of Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas (HBOG) in 1983—the massive move threatening to sink Dome—Gallagher maintains that it was necessary to increase the company's Canadian base, as required under the National Energy Program.

"In our effort to help in the Canadianization process—and to increase our cash flow so that we could continue exploration and development in the frontier areas—Dome acquired 64 per cent of Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas, an U.S.-based company. We were then obliged by the Ontario Securities Commission to make a compensable offer to the remaining 47 per cent of HBOG shareholders in a rapidly declining market. HBOG's major and critical shareholder, the Hudson's Bay Company, would not accept our equivalent Dome common-stock offer, even though Dome stock was, at the time, selling at a 20-per-cent premium

over HBOG shares. Nor would the Bay accept a Dome preferred-share plan common-stock warrant offer without a bank guarantee, which ultimately involved the pledging of oil and gas assets as security. In reorganizing our security package, our Canadian banking group demanded the conversion of the 10-year, \$1.8-billion term loan used to buy the original 53 per cent of mine into a one-month demand loan. By Sept. 28, 1982, when this loan conversion was accepted, it looked as though we would be able to sell off our non-Canadian assets



Gallagher: 'shouldn't impose'

and some of the successful HBOG assets to satisfy this \$1.8-billion loan. But, in the down market, this was not possible.

"In the year it took to complete the HBOG merger," he went on, "interest rates climbed and remained high; our production of light gravity crude was heavily penalized due to the intrusion of foreign crude into Western Canada; gas reserves continued to be shut in, due to lack of market; and the price of minerals dropped to Depression levels—burning HBOG's large mineral investments into heavy losses. We ultimately had to trade on a preferred-share arrangement guaranteed by a bank, which was the same as a debt instrument. This was never our intention."

This explanation will hardly satisfy

Dome's creditors, but Gallagher and his supporters stress that the company's asset position continues strong, with estimates of net worth running at \$1.2 billion. The rescue this will not cover the company's \$8-billion debt load that current market conditions have reduced liquidation values to about \$4 billion.

The most indomitable resident of the Oil Patch is probably Bob Blair of Wexco, an Alberta Corp., who has pledged \$1.4 billion worth of new capital projects for 1982. Most other companies are keeping such a low profile that Calgary's luxury restaurants now offer expense-account lunches at half price to attract the few surviving customers who don't opt out of their desks.

But, beneath the black cape, some of the more adventurous entrepreneurs are beginning to stir. Gordon (Gus) Van Wieringen, for example, has a \$80-million debt to shoulder, but his company, Seajetro Ltd., has already spent \$95 million this year expanding its revenue-producing properties. The Dutch-born former U.S. fighter pilot leads the way in forming a new Alberta mentality that repels bank debts at a routine element in energy exploration, as counter-industry as drill logs or geological charts, rather than a hindrance cutting off future prospects. To the proposition that companies with big debt loads are in trouble, he replies that "nothing could be further from the truth—we increased the value of our company by \$180 million in the first nine months of 1982, even though we showed a paper loss of \$83 million."

Until the sense of his obligations. Gas has not slowed down, though, he is still rooting around the world in one of the two private Learjets in which he has a minority interest and he is currently working on a \$100-million refinancing program, which he has to complete by the banks. "To go back to make Seajetro work like a latex" Selex wristwatch," he boasts.

Dome, No-Wait Group, Turbo Resources and half a dozen smaller Alberta companies could tumble into receivership during the next six months. But, talking to the soldiers of fortune who run Calgary's crumbling business rumparts, it's hard to write them off so easily.

At the end of the interview with Jack Gallagher, I asked him how he saw the future. "I'm always an optimist," he said. Then, with a morose accent, he added the Spanish sign-off "Adios." It was not the farewell of a defeated man.



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Players Association President Garry Goshaw (left) and Garvey: competitive threats

SPORTS

Toying with the future

A Wall Street rode its roller coaster and interest rates flattered last week, two soccer groups agreed to meet again and squabblers over the spoils of one of capitalism's youth—the National Football League. The NFL Players Association negotiators sat down Saturday at the apparently named Summit Hotel in New York with management, coastal negotiators, representing the closed shop of NFL team owners. At stake was the 1982-83 NFL season, billions of dollars and perhaps the fate of the NFL.

The strike, which began Sept. 21, has saved millions of dollars, but the cancellations of six weekends of games has cost hotel, restaurant and bar owners in NFL cities much more. And the U.S. television networks (NBC, CBS and ABC), which agreed to pay the owners \$6.1 billion over the next five years, are losing even more. ABC, for one, loses \$50,000 every Monday night that it shows a game instead of a game. Last week star players were losing in excess of \$50,000 a week, and, while the owners made loan guarantee arrangements for \$180 million, the NFLPA arranged for the 1,600 striking players to borrow \$20,000 each.

It is perhaps a reflection of the times that the real issue is not wages but the players' disposal. (An indication of the staggering sums involved was revealed by the players' rejection of a \$1.4-billion

offer.) The owners want to pay the players directly, the union wants to collect the money and raise it in the players based on salaries and performance bonuses. The NFLPA's demand to collect and disburse—originally 50 per cent of gross revenues, scaled down later to 50 per cent of TV revenues—has been the chief stumbling block. It has been ferociously defended by former Kansas City Chiefs Ed Garvey and staunchly opposed by the management itself.

And, unlike baseball's prolonged and expensive strike in the summer of 1981, where there had no real alternative is one to, the strike-bound NFL faces competition from the emerging United States Football League. While NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle backed away from earlier statements that a 15-game season was the maximum possible, San Diego Charger owner Eugene Klein said the season was already "down the drain." Meanwhile, New Orleans Saint Ruth Mann and "about 50 per cent" of the Saints would try out in the USFL if the NFL season is cancelled.

When major league baseball returned last season, fans turned out in record numbers, indicating short memories of the 1981 bitterness. But, if the football strike continues and the sport takes another hit, the NFL may discover just how short are the memories and fickle the loyalties of its fans.

—HAI QUEEN IN TORONTO

Sudden tragedy in a troubled game

The incident occurred suddenly and freakishly coincided with a renewed concern over head injuries in the National Hockey League. The Boston Bruins' pioneering left-winger Normand Lefeville collapsed on Oct. 23 with a brain hemorrhage into the arms of Boston assistant coach Jean Belisle minutes after finishing a three-period shift in a game against the Vancouver Canucks. The 28-year-old, from Chateaufort, Que., was suddenly fighting for a life threatened by an abnormal blood vessel connection that had never been diagnosed. The condition is called an arteriovenous, or A-V, malformation. Within minutes of his collapse, Quebec team doctors suspected bleeding inside the brain; an ambulance (based four minutes away) was en route to the Pacific Coliseum; and Vancouver General Hospital was preparing for what would be a seven-hour operation.

Doctors in Vancouver initially stated that there was no connection between Lefeville's tragic situation and his chosen sport. But, as more details became available, other medical experts suspected that an accidental blow to the head in his previous game and three hard checks Lefeville received against Vancouver were related to the hemorrhage. Dr. Joe Orkin, a Boston City Hospital neurosurgeon, said last week that in A-V malformation cases "the blood vessel usually bursts after a stressful incident." Perhaps for the benefit of a game historically incapable of passing itself and for the players who played against Lefeville, Orkin added that the stressful incident "could be as insignificant as a sneeze."

—MALCOLM DEAY in Vancouver

Lefeville: a much more serious contest



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THEATRE

The endless quest for love

Ermine O'Neill, the United States' greatest playwright, has been out of fashion for decades. Audiences rebel against taking the long day's journey into night demanded by his intense and uncompromising vision of life. Obsessed with a personal history dominated by a drug-ridden, passionate mother and an unwaring, miserly father, O'Neill constantly relived it through his tragic characters who could not escape the straitjacket of their past. The most they can expect is to be forgiven their sins and freed from mortal despair is the soothing embrace of death. Nowhere is O'Neill in the unfilled quest for love more poignantly revealed than in his last work, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, currently playing at Theatre Calgary. Janet Hoggan has captured of wistfulness, a powerful, passionate creature trapped by family relationships and the distorted vision of her would-be lover, Jim Tyrone, in a play that is the time-honored, stereotypical roles of virgin mother and whore instead of loving and being loved completely in return.

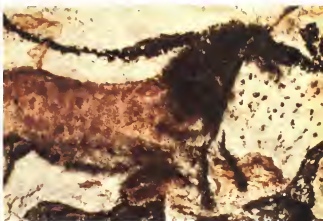
As the astonishing success of *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* demonstrated, there is an audience for plays that plunge deeply and at length into human experience, and O'Neill's work may be ready for a comeback. More specifically, Calgary director and playwright John Murrell's decision to direct this play comes at a crucial moment in the evolution of his own writing. In *Waiting for the Parade and Memoir*, Murrell had revealed a marked affinity for exploring the psychology of strong women. And his most recent work, *Farther West*, for the first time created a solid foundation of narrative and myth to underpin a similar theme. *Farther West* was the most exciting new Canadian play in years. Now, in his moving production of *A Moon*, Murrell the director consolidates his progress as Murrell the playwright and, in the process, raises great expectations for his future work.

A Moon stands or falls with Janet Hoggan, and Janet Wright is superbly equal to the task. As the bawling, barefoot farm girl hiding behind the stoicism of a loose reputation, Wright sensuously mirrors Janet's innocent yearnings for love. Edward Atienza plays her Irish-born father, Phil, as more of a rantish lecher than

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Canada's leaking immigration lifeboat

By John Hays

The old island of Canada's mission is now reaching far beyond the country's own borders. In a formal report to Parliament this week, the government concludes that the black unemployment outlook means it must stem the flow of immigration from abroad. At Canadian embassies around the world, immigration officials are already under orders to restrict severely the number of worker-immigrants granted visas. Without relatives in Canada or a claim to refugee status, applicants will find it far more difficult to enter Canada.

Ottawa is permitting its objectives. It wants to prevent would-be immigrants from coming to Canada only to sink into

as a minimum for 1985 (last November).

This year's reduced intake is caused partly by Awerchuk's imposition of an immigration freeze in May on so-called selected countries—people picked because their skills match job openings for which no Canadians are available. Awerchuk says counted on 20,000 to 25,000 selected workers each year, but that estimate has been cut to between 8,000 and 10,000 for 1985.

The number of refugees included in the Awerchuk freeze will also be trimmed, from a planned 14,000 in 1983 to 12,000 next year. But the minister points out that Canada is taking more people who, though not strictly fitting the UN definition of refugees, are, in fact, victims of persecution. Among that group: about 1,200 Poles who chose

ology and anthropology, Shihab Ramcharan (who emigrated from Trinidad in 1980), says that Parliament was far ahead of public opinion when it liberalized immigration policy in the 1970s. These changes opened the door to Asians, Africans, Caribbean islanders and Latin Americans—who, in recent years, have totalled more than half of all immigrants. "Canada," says Ramcharan, "has always remained that nation by Parliament."

The act still has the support of all parties in the Commons. But Awerchuk acknowledges the danger that a better control for more jobs can create resentment. One reason for freezing selected worker immigration, he says, was to show that "the system was responsive to economic change." At the same time, says Awerchuk, there is "a hard-core minority that is against immigration of all kinds. It increasingly takes on racial overtones [because most immigrants now come from the Third World]. You will get them every time you hit a headline shock," says the minister.

Freda Hawkins, a professor of political science at the University of Toronto, says that one of the chief problems in Canadian immigration now is not racial or national discrimination but the simultaneous coexistence of high unemployment with a shortage of skilled workers. Ironically, however, the restriction itself may create that problem.

Laid-off workers with nothing else to do are signing up for retraining programs—preparing themselves for jobs that once had to be filled by immigrants.

Awerchuk is adamant that a short-term recession should not deflect the country from its long-term immigration goals. "Immigration provides a very useful component in maintaining a level of growth," he says. "Because, as the birth rates decline and as the age of the population becomes older, immigration is one way of continually providing new people." Long-term goals, however, provide little comfort to those facing the immediacy of an unemployment line in Canada or at sea overseas. It is in some faraway Canadian embassy

directly to Canada without stopping in European refugee camps this year. With refugee pressures subsiding in Southeast Asia, Awerchuk told Hawkins that he wants to shift the Canadian emphasis "to where there is a higher intensity of political persecution"—particularly Central America and parts of Africa.

The country's desperate recession leaves Awerchuk little flexibility. But there is concern in some circles that the worsening economic situation may also poison public attitudes toward immigrants. Awerchuk says that Canadians have, for 30 years, shown "a remarkable openness" to the immigration of millions of people. But the public mood sometimes resembles naive intolerance rather than active enthusiasm. Indeed, the University of Windsor's head of so-



Applying for Canadian entry papers in Hong Kong. "Remarkable openness" may come to an end

employment and to ensure a somewhat optimistic picture that Ottawa has a firm hold on immigrant inflow. Still, the immigration influx is far from being completely choked off. Immigration Minister Lloyd Awerchuk's annual report calls for an intake next year of between 186,000 and 190,000 people. That range is not a rigid quota but a tentative forecast based on the country's manpower needs, the amount of its immigration resulting from the unification of families already settled in Canada and the prospect of hard-to-predict refugee movements in foreign trouble spots. What is significant about the range is that it falls 80,000 below figures plotted for 1983 in the last report, a year ago. Even this year's immigration will barely reach the 190,000 forecast



Gauthier (left) and mother leaving for canonization. "Only in an ordinary, daily way"

RELIGION

An addition to the saints

By Susan Riley

In 1968 Louise Gauthier, a 25-year-old Quebec woman, was told by her doctor that she was dying of inoperable cancer of the colon. Her father, caretaker at the Congregation of Notre Dame convent in Montserrat, Quebec, asked the order to pray for its 17th-century founder, Blessed Marguerite Bourgeois, in his daughter's behalf. Shortly after, Gauthier—now 36 and a controller at a local radio station in Montserrat—reported a miraculous recovery. "It has been 15 years, and I have never had that problem again," she said recently. And last week an excited Gauthier was in Rome with hundreds of Canadian pilgrims for the canonization on Sunday of Marguerite Bourgeois, Canada's first woman saint and only the second saint in the country's history.

The miracle that Gauthier believes saved her life was the last step in the century-long struggle of the Notre Dame sisters to prove that the priestess was a saint. "She was not a saint with many miracles and cures like Brother André," says Toronto Notre Dame Sister Mary Farrell, "but holy in an ordinary, daily way." Indeed, it was widely reported that Brother André, who died in 1907 with a reputation for performing hundreds of miracles, would be the first Canadian to be canonized since Father Damien and the Jesuit martyrs were canonized in 1935.

Instead, the honor went to Marguerite Bourgeois, daughter of a middle-class family from Troy, France. Bourgeois went to Montreal in 1682 to minister to the young women sent out by King Louis XIV to populate the new colony—including those housewrecking girls as well as pious. One strenuous objection from church authorities, she started the first nonsectarian order of nuns in North America—as order that still has deep roots in the small villages of north-eastern Quebec and northern New Brunswick.

Bourgeois was declared venerable by church authorities a century ago. In 1960 she was beatified, after two miracles. She was canonized in her 300th church anniversary. Since then, the 2,000-member order has redoubled its efforts to order to prove the authenticity of its saint. The normally required for sainthood investigations followed when a young Quebec woman, Alfred, has been cured of a substantially fatal congenital heart defect in 1948, died in a 1970 car accident. But, in 1977, the order asked Bishop Edmund Gauthier—a Quebecer working on a pontifical committee in Rome—to press the Gauthier case with the Vatican. After clerical trials in Quebec and Rome and a prolonged study of medical testimony and theolog-

ical argument, Gauthier convinced Rome that Bourgeois was a saint and, according to the bishop, "a person with queer ideas or a taste for the fantastic." And, in the Bourgeois case—as with the recent canonization of the Polish Franciscan Maximilian Kolbe—papal authorities waived the necessity of proving a second miracle.

In a devoutly secular age the idea of miracles strikes as anachronistic note—then, among Catholics. Bishop Gauthier says that 15 years ago the Gauthier miracle cure would have provoked widespread skepticism in Quebec. But since then many Quebecers have been disillusioned by the whimsy of the mass media and the myth of the Quiet Revolution and, according to Gauthier, "are looking more to the founders of the colony for inspiration."

Whether the contrary of that claim, Toronto theologian Father Don Desrosiers agrees that the church is looking away at the phenomenon of miracles. In modern times saints are less likely to be sought for dramatic cures and visions than for the moral and political example they set as their daily lives. But what sort of model was Marguerite Bourgeois? Some Catholics stress her devotion to family life, her domesticity and humility. Others focus on the radical example set by a 30-year-old woman who chose to live in poverty the poor rather than the comfortable. Whichever interpretation finds more favor, the canonization has enhanced an intriguing figure from Canada's past, one, in fact, who has been largely the sign of the development of a booming textile industry in religious nunneries like the one that surrounds the legend of Brother André. According to Sister Farrell, Saint Marguerite's life proves that "everybody is called to holiness."

Indeed, Saint Marguerite may soon be joined by another little-known early monastic: Rahab Gagnon. Gagnon says that the recent streamlining of the canonization process in Rome means that a number of other Canadians—including Marguerite—will be canonized.

But, she says, the canonization of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa—may soon be called upon to join the growing community of saints.

With Mother Gauthier in Montreal and Sister Farrell in Rome.

Bourgeois: native saint



With Mother Gauthier in Montreal and Sister Farrell in Rome.

Giotto: an armada of space probes will venture near the great comet in search of clues to the origin of the solar system.

SPACE

Halley's comet returns to earth

When the telescope fixed on a tiny speck beyond the orbit of Saturn, 20 million times too faint to be seen by the unaided eye, astronomers at the California Institute of Technology had no doubt what it was. The object that appeared through the electronic image amplifiers of the metre telescope on Mount Palomar last month was Halley's comet. It was the first sighting of the famed celestial body since June, 1911. The well-observed, twice along which the comet rockets past Earth every 76 years is well known to astronomers. "It was right where we expected it," says Caltech astronomer Edward Bowell.

The comet will not reach its closest point to Earth until 1986. But the sighting heralds the start of an ambitious international investigation. Unlike many of its previous visits, the arrival of Halley's comet will be matched by as much scientific as superstitious observation. The Jewish historian Josephus, who witnessed the comet in 66 AD, took it as an omen of the destruction of Jerusalem. In 1965, Americans were lulled into buying "comet pills" and smooth inhalers to protect them from the allegedly lethal comet vapors. This time, however, the flyby will be monitored by the world's largest telescopes, and, in a mammoth scientific assault, an armada of five spacecraft (launched by the Soviets, the Japanese and the European Space Agency (ESA), a consortium of 11 countries) will attempt to study the comet from as close as 1,000 km.

The prestige of being the first to closely observe Halley's comet, one of the best-known objects in space, has played a part in stimulating the compe-

tition. But the investigations are not without scientific value. The elements frozen in the ball of ice and dust that comprises the comet's nucleus are believed to represent the primordial materials present when the solar system, and its more than a trillion other comets, were born—about 4.6 billion years ago. The findings will also put to rest the widely accepted "dirty snowball" theory, which depicts a comet as a bundle of ice made of frozen water, ammonia, carbon dioxide and methane.

The Halley challenge has been taken up by just about every nation capable of launching. Significantly absent from the exploration plans is the United States, where the government refused to finance a \$500-million Halley's probe. In a last-minute attempt to salvage US participation, NASA officials decided last month to divert a four-year-old Earth-orbiting satellite, now on a path skirting the comet. The delicate two-year manoeuvre will gravitationally deflect the vehicle through the tail of a small comet, known as Giacobini-Zinner, in September, 1985, six months before the Halley probes reach their target. Besides saving face by being the first to reach a comet, the US mission will provide valuable information for the Halley spacecraft.

The most elaborate plans for an encounter with Halley's itself come from the Soviet Union. In partnership with France, the Soviets are planning to launch two spacecraft that will pass within 18,000 km of the comet in March, 1986. Cameras on the Soviet's Venera Halley 1 and it will be equipped with new electronic sensors that should provide high-quality pictures. Other experiments will measure any magnetic

fields and electrically charged gases around the comet as well as help to determine the composition of the tail. Arriving the same day as the first Soviet craft will be the Japanese Planet A, followed by the ESA's Giotto, which will sweep on a dramatic trajectory to within 1,000 km from the nucleus of the comet. Roderger Reinhard of the European Space Agency expects the dense dust and gas to double Giotto before it gets that close. But, he says, "The close pass is the only way we can achieve the data we need."

For worried astronomers, the disappointments of the 1974 visit by the barely visible Comet Kohoutek may be repeated when the Halley appears. Unlike spectacular previous appearances, scientists predict that the comet will provide few visual fireworks this time. Indeed, few people outside dark rural areas will see it with the naked eye. With the nucleus only about two kilometres in diameter, it is only the stream of particles swept back by the sun's radiation that is visible. The comet will be masked by the sun at the time the tail stretches to its greatest length—about 80 million kilometres—and will be most visible by December of 1985.

With millions of dollars invested in technically monumental exploration, the question of scientific control has been raised. Participating countries, however, claim that they have attempted to co-ordinate, not duplicate, their experiments. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory's Ray Newburn argues that there can never be enough backup. "You only get one chance in a lifetime to explore Halley's comet. If we blow it, we will have to wait until 2062."

—TERENCE DICKINSON in Ottawa.

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Below: lower rents, bigger spaces and the neighborhood's creative buzz

ART

The downtown esthetic

By Gillian MacKay

From his third-floor gallery on Peter Street in downtown Toronto, David Belman looks out on a long row of neat-looking warehouses and a cluster of brick towers gleaming in the distance. It is hardly the sort of picture Belman would hang in his way, 3,200-square-foot gallery. The space is largely empty except for an artist's ink drawing of a cube executed directly on a wall and selling for \$50,000. But the view from the window is appropriate, suggesting a new vision of the downtown in which these half-empty industrial buildings west of University Avenue will be transformed, with help from affluent corporate patrons, into a flourishing arts community. Says Belman: "Its future is inevitable because this is the warehouse district."

It happened in New York, where the old downtown garment district became SoHo. A string series of galleries, loft moths, restaurants and boutiques, most of SoHo is now too expensive for the artists who discovered the area in the first place. Now, it appears to be happening in Toronto as well. To the Queen Street West area between University and Bathurst, first came the artists in search of low rents followed by art galleries, and then modest galleries, often run by artists with government funding.

Most recently, a growing number of commercial dealers have such small footprints into meeting elegant new premises downtown. Lured by lower rents, bigger spaces and the creative buzz of the neighborhood, they have

taken the plunge at a time when the art market itself is deep in a recessionary slump. Olga Kuper and two colleagues spent \$25,000 to convert the fourth floor of an old garment factory on lower Spadina Avenue into two stunning new galleries, which opened in September. Kuper, who mortgaged her house to do it, says of the financial risk: "I don't, in fact, lose it. We are the planners, and people moving down a few years after as well have an easier time."

That is precisely what some gallery dealers have also concluded. "They are nuts!" exclaims one, pointing to the poor economy and the lack of focus to the downtown district compared to Yorkville or even SoHo. Indeed, the downtown galleries are far from extending all the way from Kloorin Inc. and the Jane Cawthra Gallery at University and Front to Loomis's Gallery at Queen and Bathurst, a stretch hardly suitable for a Saturday afternoon stroll. Unlike the premium storefront locations in Yorkville, the downtown galleries tend to be tucked away without even a street sign, known only to the cognoscenti. This in itself may carry some such appeal, but at least leading Yorkville galleries such as Carriere Lussan, Mason and Soble-Gosselin are stepping out. Some foresee the curve as inevitable, since Yorkville rents average \$30 a square foot as compared to \$5 downtown. Others dismiss the notion altogether. Says Mrs. Gudard, the doyenne of the Yorkville scene: "Have you ever considered moving to Timbuktu?"

While the downtown arts community, opinion on future development dif-

fer sharply. At one extreme there are the adherents of Charlie Pachter. The artist-trepreneur claims to have lost more than \$2 million between the failure of Gossie's Restaurant on Queen Street West and the forced sale of an opulently renovated art gallery across the street, which he one would want, either because it was too expensive or too far west. At the opposite pole are those artists who prefer to be left in peace and poverty. Somewhere in between are the gallery owners who hope the arts will take off just enough to generate profits. Says Yvonne Hesleides, owner of the Yvonne Gallery on Queen Street: "One hopes the dealers won't all come in and ruin it, as they did in SoHo."

In fact, there is probably room for the highbrows and the street-recluses, given the broad spectrum of galleries that already exist in the area. Dealers and artists are quick to reject any stylistic stamp on the type of work being shown downtown, ranging as it



Kuper in her gallery, room for both rightists and artist-recluses

does from the safely commercial to huge installations that would not be at home in anyone's living room. Still, there is a trend away from abstract decorative art and toward work engaging political or social protest, such as the recent show by Montreal artist Carol Wainio at the Yvonne/Halman Gallery on Richmond Street. Says Loretta Varian: "The best of the new art is serious and intellectually demanding. Never have there been as many exciting

young artists." However disparage the galleries may be, they have been drawn together recently by an attack from the outside. Last month Metro could only report by a narrow margin to withdraw \$5,000 in funding from A Space, the oldest and most respected artist-run gallery in Canada. Borough of York Mayor Gayle Christie had mounted a vigorous campaign against it based on the fact that one critically acclaimed exhibition contained a piece of excrement under glass. She has promised similar investigation of other cultural organizations. Ironically, A Space helped start the downtown movement when it moved to Queen Street in 1979. Says Yvonne Hesleides: "This is an attack on the support of art, as the whole spirit of what is happening down here." In a way, the incident only strengthens the downtown's claim to being on the leading edge of Canadian art. Serious as the threat may be, that spirit is undoubtedly strong enough to survive it. ☐

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LIVING

Makeup for the male

"I play a lot of sports, and, with all the sweating at the club, my skin was drying out," says Simon Zacher, a 40-year-old food broker from Toronto. To combat the flaking, Zacher regularly used lotions and creams designed for women. "But they were usually too perfumy or greasy," he says. Now, like hundreds of other men in North America, Zacher has become an unlikely fan of Afta—a newly developed line of Canadian skin care products aimed at an exclusively male market.

Although Afta is launching its products simultaneously in the United States and Canada, Canadians will find them only in Toronto so far. At Afta's main boutique in the posh Harbour Lane, male customers are paying a steep \$99.50 for a "core regimen" that includes an assortment of serums, moisturizers and even facial masks sold in unassuming beige-and-black containers. Unlike many existing men's products, which are merely repackaged versions of women's potions, Afta is developed specifically for the male face. "We worked for months on our products, keeping in mind that the male skin is oilier and has the major ducts," says Stephen Taylor, who, along with his wife, Bonnie, a pharmacologist, created, marketed and designed Afta.

Taylor is also claiming success in the first month of distribution in the United States, where skin care product lines now account for \$6.4 million in the month's \$880-million men's grooming industry. Prestigious New York City department stores, such as Bloomingdale's, Lord and Taylor, Bergdorf-Goodman and Dallas-based Neiman Marcus, displayed uncharacteristic enthusiasm for the Canadian cosmetics entrepreneur for the Canadian cosmetics. Bloomingdale's has scheduled one year's worth of promotion for the products. Last month the makers of Clinique Skin Supplies for Men of Long Island, N.Y., one of the largest men's skin care manufacturers, felt that the Canadian market was foolish enough to export their products north.

As preferential treatment is placed in the male domain, the question that arises is just how far men's vanity will go. "I don't think there is cause for concern," says Taylor. "The Canadian male is willing to wash his face with special soap but he is not quite ready for eyeliner." —RYANA MCKAY in Toronto



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COMPUTERS

Fallibility in the computer

The volume of recent significant achievements in computer science almost defies tribute for any one achievement. But this week the world's most prestigious computer award will be presented in Dallas to a University of Toronto professor for showing what computers cannot do. The New York City-based Association for Computing Machinery will bestow this A.M. Turing Award on Stephen Cook, who has spent years demonstrating that some problems are best left to human intuition and approximation.

Cook, the 16th person to receive the award and the \$20,000 (U.S.) prize, has identified a certain class of mathematical problems that, while appearing to be simple, are actually beyond the power of machines. Cook cites the example of a trucker who is seeking the most efficient itinerary for his fleet of 500 vehicles to reach 500 destinations. "In principle, there would seem to be an ideal way, but it's not computationally feasible," he says. "Trying all possible combinations, it would take a computer hundreds of years to cycle through them."

Thanks to the work of 45-year-old Cook, who has taught at at the University of Toronto for the past 12 years, computer programmers have learned when to give up and when to seek a merely approximate solution. "The practical effect is that it stops people from spending time trying to develop solutions for problems that cannot be solved," Cook says.

The Turing award was established in 1966 in honor of the late English computing pioneer Alan Turing, who, in the 1930s, was one of the first to enter a program into a machine's brain. Much of Turing's work involved post-war wartime attempts to break enemy code using computers. Ironically, Cook does not even work on a computer. And, moreover, he never published the significant original findings that earned him world reputation. When he first described his theory during a professional conference in Ohio in 1971, other scientists spread his ideas as quickly that he saw no need to publish them himself. Now, says Walter Carlson, chairman of the awards committee, observers realize that "his contribution over the past decade has reinvigorated theoretical computer science."

—DAVID THOMAS in Montreal

CONSUMERISM

Cash register kickbacks

With sales of consumer goods on the slide, more and more corporations not in direct competition are starting to revert to a pioneer mentality: they are pooling their advertising dollars with other beleaguered firms to boost common profits and corporate images. The system is known as "cooperative buying" or "cross promotions." Firms laid out coupons that can be redeemed at participating outlets and split the cost of newspaper and television ads in hopes of deepening their market penetration and improving their media exposure. Among the closely partnerships that have been formed in recent months are those between Sears and Dominion Stores Ltd., Panasonic Canada and Canada Safeway Ltd., the Provigo food chain and Dominion, and Stewart's Furniture and Appliances and Dominion. "So far, [consumer] response has been great," says Douglas Long of Stensberg Inc. in Montreal.

Where are the coupons being distributed most freely? It is at supermarket and gas stations in Eastern Canada, where full-scale food and gas wars are in progress. By handing out \$1 gas vouchers at check-out counters in exchange for \$25 worth of cash register tapes, grocery stores have been able to lure price-conscious shoppers to the gas chains with which they are in alliance. "Everyone is trying to hang on to their market share so they won't be in a money-losing position," says Joe Hirsch, a spokesman for Shell Canada, which has teamed up with Maple-Leafs food stores of Quebec. Initial response to the \$1 gas coupons has proven so successful, says Stensberg's Long, that the oil companies decided to reverse the campaign and are now handing out \$1 food vouchers with every \$5-L fill-up.

All are food giants, however, are protective about their advertising game plans. They refuse to divulge how many coupons have been redeemed by responsive customers. Nor will they disclose what percentage of their advertising budgets are allocated to the advertising play. However, Brian Wessenhagen, manager, communications for Pacific-soy—the firm offers clients who buy certain microwave ovens in the \$400 to \$1,000 range \$100 worth of groceries from Dominion, Provigo or Safeway stores—says that it actually pays the food chains "more than 85 per cent" of the face value of cashed-in coupons. Dominion has worked out a similar deal with Sears.

Although many shoppers view the coupons as "free money," others regard the presentation as a frivolous waste of advertising dollars, which, in the end, are tacked on to food prices. "We realize that advertising costs are passed on to consumers," says Shirley Newberg, a spokeswoman for the Consumers Association of Canada, "but how can we object to this marketing strategy when we do not object to others?"

As sales continue to wane in an ailing economy, pessimistic marketing experts predict that the giveaways will continue. "Things are so bad in the gas business now," cautions Paul Miller, a spokesman for Imperial Oil Ltd., whose profits are down 40 per cent over the first half of last year, "that maybe we will launch a new campaign offering customers \$25 worth of groceries for every penny's worth of gas they buy."

—CAROL BISHMAN in Toronto



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ENVIRONMENT

Insulation aftermath

Like any good prescient, energy conservationist Joe Bales offers guidance and a degree of hope. But with the publication of his new book, *Insulation Aftermath*, Bales has added a sliver of fear to his prescription for salvation. Bales estimates that well-insulated but improper insulating may mean that as many as 50 per cent of Canada's eight million occupied dwellings could develop serious structural problems over the next five to 10 years, while many more "could become nightmares to live in."

Better known as Mr. Claps, our Television's articulate home repairs expert from 1973 to 1978, Bales is currently on the home-show circuit, warning overflow audiences across the country about the dangers of excess moisture—trapped by poorly insulated houses—that can result in plants maddened with mushrooms and walls hung with fungus. Bales blames Canada's potential home decay on the failure of nearly everyone concerned to foresee the dangers of insulating without providing proper ventilation. As a consequence, warns, but moisture-laden, air hangs in houses like a damp cloud. He also points to the unbalanced rush to insulate following the energy crisis of the early 1970s and the federal government's "massive outlay of funds" through the Canadian Home Insulation Program (CHIP). While homeowners accumulated other government insulation grants, incompetent contractors spread throughout the country. Provincial government programs were no less flawed, says Bales. A Quebec study of 4,000 homes recently renovated under the provincial government's insulation plan, for example, found that 79 per cent of the insulation jobs had been inadvertently botched.

Bales goes further. He warns that failure to provide roof vents of sufficient size and overzealous sealing of cracks and air leaks can turn household air into a health hazard because of pollutants and concentration of gases.

Bales says there are signs that the situation is improving, however. A new scheme by Hydro-Quebec, for example, identifies individual home energy needs before insulating. But he warns that thousands of Canadians, many about getting their insulation done early, may soon be paying the price.

—Victor Rubin in Toronto

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Challenges to the compensation system

By Linda McQuaig

Terry Ryan went blind in a particularly grisly fashion. Only a few weeks after starting as a transformer cleaner at the Westinghouse plant in Hamilton, Ont., 39-year-old Ryan peered into a vat of what he thought was soap and water. As it turned out, there was also a powerful chemical solution in the suds, and when he shook the vat, the solvent exploded, blowing Ryan into the air to a man of fumes. After 48 days in the hospital, he emerged without a sense of taste or smell—and without any sight. The Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board (WCB) granted him a disability pension of \$250 a week, plus \$400 a year for food for his Seeing Eye dog, Daphne. But what makes Ryan's case one of more than passing and provincial interest is that later this month Ryan's Toronto lawyer, Richard Summers, will try to break a long-established taboo by asking Canadian courts to award Ryan \$17 million in civil damages as well.

The accident that drastically altered Ryan's life brought Ontario's health and safety inspectors to investigate. They concluded that the company was not at fault, and no charges were laid. But as an injured worker, Ryan Gray, who was a union health and safety representative at the plant, did his own seven-month investigation and came to radically different conclusions. A month after he submitted his report to the Ontario government, charges were laid under the Health and Safety Act. Westinghouse pleaded guilty and was fined \$50,000. At that point, Ryan launched his civil action.

The suit is innovative because it attempts to circumvent the legal restrictions of Canada's compensation system. Under provincial legislation, a worker is not allowed to sue his employer. But

Ryan is trying to sue eight executives of the company, not the company itself. If his suit succeeds, it will open the way for similar suits and crack the thick wall of compensation law.

Ryan's dramatic action is just one indication of the growing frustration over Canada's system of protecting and compensating injured workers. Their main



Ryan with daughter, Charles: a long-established labor

recourse lies in provincial compensation boards—bodies that operate insurer schemes to provide injured workers with compensation through funds collected by compulsory annual assessments on companies. While workers do not want to see the compensation system dismantled, many are frustrated by what they perceive to be the board's reluctance to pay fair compensation for their injuries. In addition to the problems of the compensation system, many labor leaders complain about the hesitations by provincial governments to set tougher safety stan-

dards for employers and enforce them vigorously when they are violated. Gray argues that such government inaction and the immunity from lawsuits that companies enjoy under the compensation system have created a situation in which there is little financial remuneration for the injured worker—and little incentive for employers to do anything about shockingly high death rates in the workplace.

Those rates in Canada are higher than is widely known. According to a 1982 book called *Accident on the Worker*, a Canadian dies on the job every six hours—about 10,000 each year. And a 1979 *Congoade Hall Law Journal* article says that the situation will get worse as more and more toxic and carcinogenic chemicals are introduced into the workplace and cause more industrial diseases. Already there are some 30,000 chemicals used in North American factories, with new ones added at the rate of 500 to 600 each year. William Hamilton, president of the Employers' Council of British Columbia, acknowledges that the workplace can be dangerous, but insists that life itself is fraught with danger. "I read that I am likely to get cancer from sex and coffee," he says, "yet I still enjoy them both."

What angers many workers is that life seems to be considerably more dangerous at the bottom end of the work ladder. In a 1978 federal labor report, mining, for instance, had a disastrous record of 75 deaths per 100,000 workers, while the financial sector claimed only one life in 100,000. Surprisingly, Alberta, for instance, had a higher fatality rate from mining over a 15-year period ending in 1981 than the United States or the United Kingdom. Harry Glasbein, a law professor at Toronto's Osgoode Hall, argues that these occupational deaths concentrate a kind of "structured violence" that goes largely unreported and unchallenged.

But, if workers are frustrated about industrial injuries, they have basically only one option—to seek compensation through the provincial boards. The compensation system, which was revolutionary when it was first introduced in 1917, provides workers with disability pensions without the need to prove that their employer was at fault for their injury. But the provincially appointed boards wield enormous discretionary power in determining whether a disability is work-related, how serious it is, and, therefore, what percentage of his salary a worker should



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The case of Luis Guerrero illustrates the extent of the difference most dramatically. The 38-year-old Torontonian was severely disabled in 1977 when his machine exploded, splashing molten plastic into his face. The Ontario WCB awarded him a pension of \$209 a week and considered the case closed. But Guerrero was able to go outside the compensation system because the company that manufactured the machine, Mullard Bets of New Jersey, operated beyond Ontario's jurisdiction. Guerrero moved to the United States and set up a court case. After more than \$30 million—an amount that, with his disability pension, would have taken him almost 15,000 years to collect from the compensation board.

Selector William Haddell says the board cut off Guerrero's benefits because Seawomen would not agree to pay back Guerrero's compensation benefits in the event of a successful suit. But correspondence between the board and Seawomen reveals that Seawomen offered to include the board's costs in the lawsuit.

But, while lawsuits are headline-grabbing and produce the sickest lawsuits for injured workers, few workers see them as the answer to their grievances since court claims are costly, slow and difficult to win. Instead, compensation lawyers argue that deterrence should come from tougher government endorsement of safety regulations and more vigorous prosecution of

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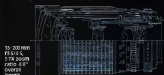
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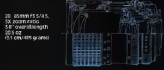
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offenders. "If the physical onslaught which takes place in the workplace occurred outside," says Glushtek, "there is no doubt that society would use the most ferocious law it has to stop such attacks. It would use criminal prosecution and treat offenders as social pariahs." Instead, labor critics charge that there are usually only minimal fines for violations of health and safety laws that result in serious injury. Ontario's *Cyprus of Aja, Ont.*, for example, was fined only \$2,000 earlier this year after a conviction under the Health and Safety Act in connection with the death of John Royal, 38. An inquest revealed that he suffered in a vat of caustic dye, will respond after the company had removed a grate on a machine that was slicing production. Royal's stepfather, Peter Kreib, says the \$2,000 fine is a "pennant lunch" and has called on Attorney General Roy McMurtry to lay charges of criminal negligence—a step that provincial governments have traditionally been reluctant to take. McMurtry's office would not reveal whether it plans to lay charges.

If critics are keen to retain the Canadian compensation system, they want significant reform. Toronto lawyer Richard Pink argues that compensation boards have protected companies from horrendous financial costs through their tardiness in recognizing and compensating victims of industrial-related diseases. The U.S. National Cancer Institute estimates that some 26 per cent of cancers are work-related. Yet the Ontario list, for example, has accepted claims for only 362 cases of cancer over the past 35 years. "The essence of why the board is so backward about this is that it makes perfect sense for employers," Pink says. He adds that he was shocked to discover that the board, in assessing a case of lung disease (asbestos) in 2000, used standards based on a 1987 South African classification for the disease. Says Vancouver lawyer Craig Robertson: "The compensation system is very antipathetic to disease claims."

In the absence of criminal charges and hefty lawsuits—and with compensation boards basically keeping the lid on employers' costs—corporations have few real financial incentives to improve their safety records. Hamilton, of the B.C. Employers' Council, says that companies are concerned about injured workers and try their best to improve plants. But he points out that companies face high costs in reducing hazards in the workplace. "Until damage is well documented, there is some hesitancy about providing a solution," he says. But critics increasingly counter that with more severe penalties for injuries, companies might seek solutions more quickly.

MEDICINE

Too few organs at the bank

Since the first organ transplant was performed 30 years ago in a Boston kidney operation is a last-ditch attempt to save a life, transplant surgery has moved from the unusual to the commonplace. Kidney, cornea, liver, pancreas and even hearts are now routinely recycled thanks to refined medical techniques. New advances in anti-rejection drugs, such as Cyclosporine and Anti-phosphoryl serum, have dramatically increased survival rates and cleared the way for exorbitant demand by patients seeking the life-prolonging operations. Tragically absent from the equation is an adequate number of organ donors. Every year 800 Canadians suffer total kidney failure, for example, while only 500 transplants are performed annually. With an existing waiting list of 1,500, the new victims of renal collapse will have to content themselves with months on an artificial kidney machine, at a cost to the public of \$25,000 a year. "Unless we get more donors," warns Calgary M.L.A. Andrew Leslie, "the program cannot possibly survive."

Alarmed by organ bank deficits, provincial governments are mobilizing their forces. In September Alberta formally requested a task force chaired by Little to review its system and recommend improvements. In January the Ontario chief coroner's office will launch a series of television commercials urging people to sign the donor cards on their driver's licenses. An Alberta survey indicated that while 30 per cent of respondents are in favor of donating their organs, only 26 per cent actually sign the cards, available in all provinces except Prince Edward Island. A study under way at the University of Toronto into the attitudes that govern the decision whether or not to sign may suggest how authorities might best attract new donors.

But the proposals of London, Ont., researcher Dr. Calvin Siller offer the most controversial solution yet. Last month he publicly suggested that Ontario follow the lead of France, where doctors routinely ask the next of kin for newly deceased eyes and pituitary glands unless the donor had formally objected to donating. Similar laws have recently been passed in several U.S. states. Last year in Texas the law was so successful that more than 1,000 surplus corneas were exported for surgery. Such measures would inevitably help in Canada, where at least 500 people are currently waiting for corneas.

Donor shortages is only one snag in an ailing system. In some provinces a shortage of organ banks and central registries greatly impedes the exchange of organs. Until this year, Newfoundland had no organ-retrieval system at all, and Saskatchewan still lacks a bank for eyes. Careers for transplant in that

provinces are often gathered by organ banks from hospital autopsy rooms with the family's consent. Patients whose doctors happen on useful organs can be treated, while others have to wait or seek out-of-province care.

Even provinces with organ banks are feeling the pinch of health care budgets. In Toronto, Metro Organ Retrieval and Exchange (MORE), the second-largest organ bank in North America, operates out of three small rooms in the basement of Toronto General Hospital. While MOST distributes the lion's share of organs for the province and the



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Cohen with kidney-preserving machine: the tragedy of unsigned donor cards

country, it usually houses only kidneys. Bones for the bone bank are served the street at Mount Sinai Hospital, eyes go to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind's eye bank, and pituitary glands, with growth hormones, must go to the Hospital for Sick Children.

In comparison, the much-tested U.S. donor system, which—with help from some—goaded two Georgia lung donors for the Toronto operation on James Francis, place the burden of expenses on the patients themselves. John (Jack), a Whitesett, Ala., businessman who has been waiting for three years

for his fourth cornea transplant, visited a clinic in California last year and discovered that, while the wait would be only one week, the cost would be more than \$30,000.

Faced Toronto kidney transplant surgeon Dr. Gerald Cook believes that the solution to the organ shortage is to allow public rationing. Apprehension about surgeons' failure to wait until neurological death and fear of post-mortem mutilation for use in research instead of transplant boost public attitudes about organ donation. (Indeed, one U.S. survey noted that only 56 per

cent of donations reached recipients.)

Wrote *Transplant*: Co-ordinator Mel Cohen says he occasionally reasons donor families that, just as before death, standards of precision and sterility are maintained during organ-donation surgery. "After all," he says, "we have to use the organs in someone else. I always guarantee families of cornea donors that they can have an open casket and no one will know."

Ontario Chief Coroner Dr. Ross Bennett also acknowledges the difficulty in approaching the donor's family to make the request, especially when the body must be transported and kept alive on artificial life support. At the Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital in Ontario, chaplain Kim Bell has taken over the job of asking for donations. From his perspective, it is the donor's family that counts, rather than the medical recipient, and he argues that the family's feelings are frequently overlooked. "We hardly ever get a donation just because of a driver's licence," he notes. "It is almost always because of our personal contact."

Ultimately, it may be the recipients who make the best appeals. Says Andrew Little, "All you have to do is visit a kidney ward and talk to the patients waiting for transplants—we all have to die sometime, and these operations can save lives."

—CATHARINE RIDD in Toronto.



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Pizarro's steamship: the imagery isn't too hard, and the rhythmic audio

FILMS

Dragging a dream uphill

PITZCARALDO

Directed by Werner Herzog

The tall tale of a man who wants to build grand opera in the Peruvian wilderness, Werner Herzog's *Pizarro* is a grand folly and a disappointment in the extreme. A beleaguered production (halfway through its shoot it lost leading man Jason Robards), the movie boasts as a centerpiece a 286-tonne steamship being hauled up the side of a mountain, which is finally more of a demonstration of the wonders of natural labor than great movie-making. While beautifully shot (by Thomas Mauch, who also filmed *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* in the Andean jungle) and impressively scaled, *Pizarro* does not have the mysterious pull of Herzog's other films: the imagery tries too hard, and the rhythm suffers for it.

It is easy to imagine what Herzog wanted to achieve: namely, the rhapsodic union of life of someone possessed by a dream. *Pizarro* (Klaus Kinski) is the kind of man who will risk far more to see his aid, Marco Curuso, sing a few minutes of the death scene from Verdi's *Travis*. Trying to finance his dream of bringing opera to the jungle, he must make his one grand victory—a railway—and now, backslung by indebted Molly (Claudia Cardinale), he is obsessed enough to go broke in the rubber business. (The steamship is hauled over the mountain as a shortcut: is the rich owner fearful of rubber trees?) It is certainly no fault of Klaus Kinski. His blond mane is auto decay, poring blue eyes capturing a crazed emptiness of purpose, that *Pizarro* is not the wild, hyperactive energy it is meant to

be. In becoming grandiose, Herzog has become more prosaic, at more than 2½ hours. *Pizarro* is a long film, even for Herzog, who has never been renowned for his speed.

Herzog's movies (*The Eaters of the Sky*, *Wings of the Dove*) have been powered by their images, whether a horde of monkeys on a beached raft in *Aguirre* or storm of light spilling into the house in time to Wagnerian music in *Nosferatu*. Those images often dwell placidly on the screen, opening into the viewer's consciousness with near mystical force. When the ebullient hero of *Pizarro* travels into the jungle interior in his steamship, Herzog loathes too much ponderous detail on the journey. Dragging the ship up the side of a mountain, for instance, is one of the most monumentally boring sequences yet committed to film. This is the kind of belabored scene that tries to pass off its intention as art.

And yet, because Herzog is the brilliant film-maker that he is, there are a few things for the money to admire: the silver blue of the water in the harbor of Iquitos at night; the river, called the Molly Aida, gliding up the slope as though propelled by the quarter from *Apollonia*; Pizarro's de-crying from atop a church steeple that he wants an open house in the town; the interior mansion of Claudia Cardinale, suggesting his wondrous social powers, a statesman in the jungle who has happily lived with the name of Pizarro's failed railway.

But for the most part that is lovely, there is not enough that is purely exotic. *Pizarro* is a film about overreaching passion that somehow becomes too pedantic.

—LAURENCE O'NEILL

A slow flight to Switzerland

FIVE DAYS ONE SUMMER

Directed by Fred Zinnemann

A savior ticket to Switzerland may not be cheaper than seeing *Five Days One Summer*, but the flight will probably seem quicker. Set in 1932 in the country of clear light and sparkling streams, Fred Zinnemann's torpid triangle has been damaged for another time and director *Five Days One Summer* is the kind of movie wherein a shot of a waterfall is accompanied by "waterfall" music, or characters enjoying themselves do so to a track of "happy" music. This charge, you-are-now-in-the-Alps score by Elmer Bernstein matches the direction exactly. Each of Zinnemann's messages is lovingly, boringly crafted, and, although Giuseppe Rotunno's photography is conventionally beautiful, it is, like Neale Alexander's work in *The Blue Lagoon*, too much of a good thing.

One wonders what attracted a director of Zinnemann's reputation and ability (*From Here to Eternity*, *Death to a Smiling Man*) to the Swiss Alps for a flailing holiday with Kate (Betty Buckley), who is in her 30s. Although they had registered as man and wife, Kate soon has a brief romantic encounter with their guide, young Johann (Laurent Wilson). The longest joke in all of this is the question of age: when the expatriate Johann makes remarks to Kate about Douglas's advanced years, she cannot help but laugh, since Sean Connery is more virile and masculine than the expatriate could ever hope to be. Matters are not abetted, either, by the contributions of the two newscorers-appearing: Laurent Wilson is reminiscent of one of those men in fancy underwear who look sensitive and tanned (as though the two had anything to do with each other); a dark-haired version of Vanessa Redgrave, Betsy Brandley has none of the same subtle, dramatic resources, although she does have transience down to a fine line—three-well.

Moving like a glacier, *Five Days One Summer* recounts Kate's and Douglas's relationship in a series of flashback interlarded throughout the mountain-climbing sequences. Kate and Douglas, it turns out, are uncle and niece, which is supposed to be shocking and which is not. Had they been brother and sister, there might have been a story. —L. OTT



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The dirt beneath the deal

THE NATIONAL DEAL

By Robert Sheppard and Michael Valpy
(Fleet, 326 pages, \$18.95)

The dinner party had been singularly unpleasant: Canada's 11 first ministers were gathered in Ottawa on a September night in 1986 to plot the agenda for yet another constitutional conference—and, throughout the long first course, they have been sipping at one another with mounting irritation. Finally, an exasperated Pierre Trudeau snapped at their host, Gen. Ed Schreyer, to "hurry up" the coffee course. When it arrived, the governor general was served first, then

ments with manufactured grandeur. What was often an agonizing struggle toward a tattered consensus is presented just the way it happened.

There were moments of grace and selflessness—but they were rare (Pierre Trudeau tells an ebullient Jean Chretien over the phone after one federal victory, "Jean, if you were here, I would hug you"). For the most part, the 11 new Pillars of Confederation—and their aides—dribbled and mistrusted one another. When Newfoundland's prickly Brian Peckford told the group that he was coming around to René Lévesque's view of Canada, Chretien leaped to Trudeau and whispered,

"Have you got a bag? I want to vomit."

While the book is well written—concise and unpretentious if not cutting—there are problems with structure. The chronology is at times confusing, and the chapters detailing various proposals for a charter of rights or an amending formula bog down in the unifying terrain of legal argument. But perhaps the most important shortcoming is the book's failure to devote much space to the near silent of women's rights in the final, shaky rush for settlement. Besides providing a salutary lesson to legislators of Canada, 1986, prompted one of the strongest anti-governance lobbies ever organized on Parliament Hill. The similarly shocking treatment of native peoples—whose claims were overlooked almost by accident in the subject of one of the book's strongest chapters.

None last more than others in the national deal, but there were no clear winners. The isolation of Quebec from English Canada robbed the victory of its sweetness for Trudeau and Chretien. "You're asking me now if I consider it a success?" Trudeau mused at one press conference. "No, I consider it an abject failure." With that, he walked out into the rain and a waiting limousine, leaving the question in the air behind him. It is a question that Sheppard and Valpy do not answer explicitly, but their prose makes it clear for the reader to begin fashioning an answer.

—BRYAN REICH



Foster, announcing the oil industries

Hallucinations of power and energy

THE SOVEREIGN'S APPRENTICES

By Peter Foster
(Colinus, 287 pages, \$24.95)

The infamous National Energy Program, which the Liberals dropped on Canada like an overripe squash late in 1980, may not be the most abjectly unsuccessful piece of legislation ever introduced. But it is certainly one of the most radical. Notoriously, it was not the creation of elected politicians but the immediate recognition of half a dozen of the most unapologetically powerful leftist federal bureaucrats in Canadian history. Peter Foster's *The Sovereign's Apprentices* is a determined, fast, amusing but philosophically ambivalent assessment of the Ottawa employees' very participation in the public's economic salvation as they quietly set about throttling the oil and gas industries.

Foster, a Cambridge-trained economic journalist, has been a regular correspondent from the *Canadian Oil Patch* since the mid-1970s, when a large number of Canadians first warmed to the idea of a self-sufficient, Canadian-controlled energy industry. These "economically illiterate" notions nevertheless proved convenient with the leftist leanings of a group of academic economists and lawyers in Ottawa—well-known servants such as now Senator Jack Austin (who dunned up the original Petro-Canada), Patricia Chairman Wilbert Hoppen, Ian Stewart, outgoing deputy minister of Energy, and his political cohort at Energy, Mines and Resources (EMR), the Oil Patch's bitter nemesis, Edward Clark. Foster says that the radical standards—galled with "second-hand Marxism"—raised social uneasiness and limited experience of the world—"rushed into the Liberals' mis-

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Valpy (left) and Sheppard, good professionals

the prime minister, then Ontario, then Quebec—and so on. "My God," said an incredulous Trudeau, "they're serving me to the president?" With that, he laid his head on the table in mock exasperation as conversation around him faded into uneasy silence. After a long time he stood up, paid a curt farewell, and strode to the door. His Mountie escort jumped up to follow him. A provincial minister sitting nearby heard the prime minister tell his RCMP bodyguard, "Pack off and don't follow me home."

With that sort of detail, journalists Robert Sheppard and Michael Valpy have turned the story of the tedious, legislative squabble that led to Canada's new Constitution into a fascinating book. In *The National Deal* they pull back the curtains on private meetings and backroom negotiations to reveal gross acts of self-interest, mutual deception and childish spite. And, unlike many of the news writers at the time, Sheppard and Valpy resist inventing

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lational unions. "The fewer the ideas the Liberals had about policies," Foster notes, "the more they relied on their bureaucrats to provide them."

Clark and Stewart were happy to oblige. Today, though, the legacy of their brilliant economy is to be found in Alberta in the tattered remnants of the Canadian oil industry. Publicly, the NDP was designed to create a "Canada-wide," self-sufficient oil industry by 1990. In truth, says Foster with detailed logic, it was a desperate "revenue grab" by a federal government threatened by Alberta's wealth. Ignoring the incoherence of their political maneuvers, Ed Clark and his cronies, including the NDP and its principles during Joe Clark's time as prime minister. Foster claims that leaked Tory energy policies to the Liberals during the 1980 election, even though it violates custom for civil servants to be partisan. The civil service continued through the protracted energy talks between Ottawa and Alberta in the summer of 1982—the indecision about oil prices was a direct result of the bureaucrats refusing to compromise the NDP's goals.

But, for all the meddling, the NDP's high-flying \$4.8 billion left the country as Canadian oilmen snapped up foreign shares, driving the dollar down to 60 cents. As oil prices rose to defend the dollar, the Canadian oil companies that had greedily made purchases suffered badly. Self-sufficiency disappeared—along with \$51 billion in projected revenues and the Liberal government's industrial "strategy"—when depressed world oil prices and the price disputes forced the postponement of the Alameda and Cold Lake projects in the spring of 1982. There are those, Foster claims, "who believe the federal government" knew perfectly well what it was doing; that its priorities really were to bubble the oil business.

Had the magnificent mandarins thought to consult the experts—the oil industry itself—more often, they might have learned 18 months earlier that their projections for world oil prices were 36 per cent too optimistic. But, Foster claims, that would have been asking too much of the intellectuals in "Acknow or the future," to whom it is a part of philosophy, even now, pride not to trust market economics or large corporations. Like most reporters who cover the oil and gas industry, Foster is a staunch supporter of the free market and sides with the oilmen—all though he has much more evidence than most to support his stand. The Old Patch is a rough place but it rewards its freedom to compete as the ultimate in fair play. The trouble with the more ideologically oriented social reformers is that they do not offer everyone the same chance to be a bully.

—IAN BROWN

Fan letter from a fallen hero

LEADERS

By Richard Nixon

(Random House, 251 pages, \$22.95)

Since his fall from power in the 1974 Watergate scandal, Richard Nixon has looked upon writing not so much as catharsis but as occupational therapy. Like a scrupulous victim who takes up knitting to bring back digital control, Nixon discovered the typewriter as a means of spending alone and finishing his own political rehabilitation. Since he could not count on real historians to place him among the pantheon of the world's great leaders, he would have to do it himself. In his 1978 book, *The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*, Nixon wrote close to 1.5 million words, two-thirds of which ended up on the cutting room floor before the final edited 1,384-page version dropped on book shelves with the thrill of a Manhattan telephone directory. Not one to waste words, Nixon has obviously dipped into the trash bin of paragraphs and pages that failed to make it into *Memoirs*.

The latest product of this self-promotion is *Leaders*. Filled as "profiles and conversations of men who have shaped the modern world," *Leaders* often reads more like a simplified high school history textbook. If anything, it tells more about the author and his own preoccupations with the past and shades of power than about the statesmen he encountered while in public life. (Gerrit Trudeau, who was his neighbor in power for six years, is not even mentioned, while former prime minister John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson are written off as one line in the foreword.)

The first half of the book is devoted to the study of the Titans who shaped the postwar world: Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, Konrad Adenauer, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Shigeru Yoshida. Although his personal dealings with them were slight and often one-sided, Nixon's analytical analyses read like fun letters from a 13-year-old to a World Series slugger. For example, when he first met Churchill in 1964, Nixon was vice-president to Dwight Eisenhower; Churchill was 79, recovering from a stroke and, although prime minister, a shadow of his wartime self. Nixon recalls that Churchill's handshake was "like so many Englishmen—rooms of a greenhouse touch that a firm grasp" and that "Nixon Eisenhower had to cut his hand for him at a state dinner in his honor. Obviously, he was that kind of incidental detail to illustrate his point that strong leadership simultaneously requires three

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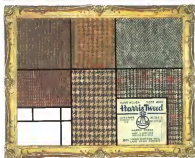
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things: a great man, a great country and a great issue.

He examines such greatness in his ideological enemies as well as his friends. In discussing his closer dealings with the Soviet Union's Nikita Khrushchev and China's Zhou Enlai, Nixon is less flattering but no less impressed by the men who wielded power. Khrushchev was "a bully" who used to jab Nixon in the ribs or swear to get his point of view across. So contentious were their diplomatic dealings that Nixon actually accuses Khrushchev of snuffing his presidential chances against John F. Kennedy in 1960. According to Nixon, the Russian increased U.S. fears about an escalating cold war by tipping the press that he and Nixon could not get along. Nixon is much easier on Zhou, whom he calls a modern Machiavelli. But he seems at times disconcerted by Zhou's ruthless strength in eliminating his foes as he is by his ability to drink 25 cups of 90-proof rice wine a day when he was trapping around China during the Long March.

The scrambled biographies serve only as stepping-stones to the final chapter in which Nixon reflects on leadership. The bottom line of his theory is "The qualities required for leadership are not necessarily those we want our children to emulate.... Guile, cunning, dissembling—in other circumstances these might be unattractive traits, but to the leader they can be essential." With such final thoughts, one can only hope that Nixon stays content with recapping his memories rather than his own political career.—JANE O'NEILL

NACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Different Seasons, King (1)
- 2 Master of the Game, Shellen (2)
- 3 Spies, Whitman (2)
- 4 The Parallel Music, Ludlow (2)
- 5 The President's Daughter, Jenkins (2)
- 6 The House of Jupiter, Shere (2)
- 7 The Valley of Bones, Kent (1)
- 8 Shadow, Fowles (2)
- 9 The White Plague, Vincent (24)
- 10 Spider-Man, Robbins (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 The Establishment Man: A Portrait of Power, Newman (2)
- 2 Canada with Love, Nash (2)
- 3 Jane Fonda's Workout Book, Fonda (2)
- 4 Tavern of Gold, Post of Clay, Stewart (2)
- 5 The Great Code, Pratt (2)
- 6 Life Extension, Freeman and Shaw (2)
- 7 What Has Chicago Happen to Good People, Kushner (2)
- 8 Living Love and Learning, Zundahl (2)
- 9 The Teenage Sex Book, Lawrence and Pether (2)
- 10 Nine in Ten Mary, Abels and Proper (1)

(1) Fiction; (2) nonfiction

MUSIC

A sound track for flesh and fashion

By David Livingstone

The recording studio, a domain where dials and switches hold sway over sound impulses, is an incongruous nexus for Rough Trade, a band famous for dealing frankly with matters of the flesh. Lounging in a room dominated by technology at Toronto's Matrix Sound, Carole Pope is an attractively lithe creature with the features of a sculpted bird and the posture of a fish. While the other half of the band, Kevin Staugies, wearing wires around his neck and a look of scientific concentration, fiddles with an electronic drum machine, she engages in an amicable chat about Paris, parties and getting her hair done. Modishly attired in a French sweatshirt, unbuttoned pants and Calvin Klein sneakers, Pope is less amused by how things work than by how they look. That sensitivity to appearance is entirely atypical of Canadian rock 'n' rollers, about whom Pope says, "We want to see a bunch of ugly ones with long hair."

With its visual flair and its peculiar brand of rock, Rough Trade, judged both by sight and sound, is the most distinctive act in Canadian show business. Shedding the Freshmen's new album containing Rough Trade's most pristine and mature songs, will be released this month, and the band has scheduled a string of concerts in Ontario and Quebec, to be followed by a national tour in early 1988.

While there is a host of heavy-metal bowers to feed the dreams of teenage boys and Anne Murray to cater to their moms and dads, Rough Trade offers dapper, ironic, satirical and subversive politics to those with more adventurous tastes. Staugies, 32, composes the music, a unique fusion of the guttural of rhythm and blues, the satire of new wave and the futuristic landscapes of science-fiction. Pope, who refuses to give her age up (she is likely in her mid-30s) writes and sings the words, borrowing most from the gay genre. Women's *Wear Daily*, *However and Life* for such songs as *Butch*, *Frankie Valentine*, *High School Confidential* and *It's a Jungle*.

Maritally lusty, mocking and sometimes considered too raw for radio, Rough Trade (the name is homosexual slang for tough prostitutes) explains consciousness, fashion, sex and more sex. Since 1980 the band has released two albums, which have sold more than a quarter of a million copies in Canada, and has performed across the country



Pope and Staugies: maritally lusty, mocking and sometimes too raw for radio

to enthusiastic mid-out houses. International acceptance for Rough Trade's inter-city attitudes, however, is just beginning to snowball. This year has brought the band national success in Denmark, Holland and Austria, the most important development is a long-term contract signed last month with Bearsville Records, which will unleash Pope and Staugies in the United States. While the band's success may seem modest compared to mega-sales ringed by Loverboy or Rush, the true measure of Rough Trade's impact rests not in statistics but in style. An exception to Canadian tradition, Pope is aggressively fashionable, unfazed by being a star, and unbothered by conventional ideas about ladylike demeanor. Although accompanied over the years by various members of backup bands, from the start she has been the enigmatic core of the Rough Trade legend.

The cradle of that legend was Grauman's, a Toronto tavern which already enjoyed a somewhat reputation as a lesbian haunt before Rough Trade started playing there in late 1976. In those days it was difficult for a band to succeed with an original and prevo-

lous repertoire. But it was only a matter of weeks before the band was being invited to play at more prestigious settings. Brenda Gray Curran, an innovative Toronto rock promoter who was the band's first manager "Rough Trade was the beginning of a whole new era in the downtown Toronto music scene."

As the first and only lesbian in David Byrne, and an extremely outgroup as Betty Midler, Pope developed her own persona. Playing a droll-out deconstructive but honest of being "Quick with wit/part with the gaps," and disliking out-dates about gangs and perverts, she initially appealed to a cult following of artists, homosexuals, trend-setting remnants and avant-garde late-dressers. The size of the cult was demonstrated in 1976 when a limited edition, direct-to-video, contributions to the sound track of Cronenberg's controversially marked movie about marbles in the New York gay community, and a construct with a New York manager,

something that most Canadian bands did not have.

However, by the end of the decade, Rough Trade's reconstructions were eclipsed by the series of a younger generation of punk and the band had yet to record on a major label. In 1990, when Pope and Staples signed with an independent record company, True North Records, it was not a deal that excited a lot of expectations.

Remarkably, with *A Good Friend*, their first True North album, Pope and Staples managed to sell their distinctly Toronto-based sensibility across Canada. Pope's outlandishness peaked a wallop among teenage record buyers in the suburbs but was regarded by some downtown fans as passé. Morris Corman, a 29-year-old Toronto performance artist, was 17 and entranced by Pope when she first saw her sing in an Ottawa bar. Today Corman performs nothing like the style of Pope in Toronto art galleries and bars. As "Cancle Terentia," Pope is portrayed as a charlatan obsessed with fashion. After reading about toxic chemicals in local drinking water, Cancle Terentia exclaims, "I just shouldn't be thinking of what it could be doing to my hair." Pope was chosen as a target, Corman explains, because "people take her persona much too seriously."

By 1991 Pope was taken seriously enough to be awarded a Juno as Most Promising Female Vocalist in Canada. And, last April, although she lost in the

Female Vocalist of the Year category, she did accept the award on behalf of Anna Murray. Says Murray of her surprise stand-in: "I just thought it was a real idea. I think she's outrageously talented, and she was exactly the person most people would not expect to see."

Indeed, nothing could be further from the image of Anna Murray, dress-hung hamshody, than that of Cancle Pope, who has been more sensually explicit in song than many people have been in the boudoir. But offstage she is shy and discreet. Her private nature is concealed behind exaggerated moles and accents, one minute imitating Mae West, the next a drawing compe. Australian Tim Black, one of a small circle of confidants, says: "Those perceive her as standoffish and aloof. It's just that she wants to go very slowly. When she does, she is a very, very true friend. Is that respect, she's a lot more English than people realize."

Pope was born in England, moved with her family to Canada around 1958, attended a suburban Toronto high school, and spent her parents by moving around. After trying, she says, "to find the meaning of life through sex," she worked in commercial art and animation houses and met Kevin Staples of an audition for a band in 1968. Although she acknowledges that she and Staples were lovers and is aware that several references in her lyrics assume speculation as to her personal pleasures, Pope puts a limit on biographical revelation. "I think, it's anybody's right to think I do. I'm sure there are a million stories about my sex life, but I think that's part of my mystique. Keep them guessing."

Not the normal mystique does not dominate Rough Trade the way it used to. On *Shaking the Foundations*, she delivers not only shock but substance. The title song is a call for political alertness. American Red and Beautiful is about nothing more raw than cultural imperialism. That is not to say, however, that she has abandoned the wild side of life. "Tanned bodies bathed in sweat," is a bloodstained pillow, and "his penis still smoking" all figure in the first out. In that way Cancle Pope remains true in her fashion. And in a land where government reports on the CBC make up shoddy chatter and Pierre Berton's low tin count as style, such fashion is not to be undervalued. ☺

FOR THE RECORD

In pursuit of love



WILD THINGS RUN FAST
Jon Minkoff
(Oglethorpe)

This is an album about time, the trouble with men (they just want to make tracks) and, mostly, love. Love longed for and enjoyed—"wild love," "passion, promise love," "real sweet love." The first song, *Chrome Gift*, is a sultry piano-based reflection on the coming of middle age, but, while acknowledging that the wild "birth of rock 'n' roll days" are past and done, Minkoff reveals lingering desires, and the tone drifts into *Unchained Melody*, with its still-pertinent plea, "God speed your love to me."

The last song is a paragon of Cretaceous 11, which tells of the putting away of childish things, but, for the Bible's more social ideal of charity, Minkoff substitutes "the greatest beauty," love. While the lyrical themes are coded, the musical style is diverse. The title cut opens with a rain of guitar chords that could have come from Joan Jet: *Man to Man* is a free-form number, and *(You're So Square) Baby, I Don't Care*, a Leiber and Stoller 1960s dance tune, and the enigmatic *Underneath the Streetlight* are jolting, jangly. Similarly, the language is loose, less bookish than usual and typified by short vernacular phrases such as "We got a chance/Hot dog dangle." Those who count on Minkoff for poetry may find this album disappointed and slight. However, for those who can take inspiration from an intelligent woman accepting adulthood and continuing to believe in the power of rock 'n' roll and the possibility of love, "We got a chance/Hot dog dangle" cannot be anything but a welcome encouragement. —DAVID LIVINGSTON



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Zowee, Pierre will stay

By Allan Fotheringham

Zowee, Dr. Fotheringham, this is a *shockumentary*, not to mention a *multimedia*, collection of happenstances, our meeting I mean.

What, exactly, is the specificity of your fascination that you wish me to appreciate?

Well, like you, I can hardly stand still, so expect me to let the audience that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is finally leaving us.

From what plethora of abandoned evidence do you deduce that conclusion?

Well, golly, Michael Pitfield, his close, has announced he is fleeing as clerk of the Privy Council for safer ground, and surely that means that Mr. Pitfield is to go.

Not at all. It means that, in fact, he is going to stay. You're kidding. Where do you get that?

The prime minister is representing himself so he can come out of yet another skin, like a rattlesnake does.

You mean...?

Right. The man has had another shot of youth, like one of those fat farmers in Arizona where wealthy matrons go to receive injections of hormones from Hungarian mystics. His brain cells have been rejuvenated and he has had a personality lift.

But I thought Pitfield, as well as being the most powerful secret servant in Ottawa, was a close Trudeau personal friend. Why would he get out of it if it's all this?

The rattlesnake, you dummy. Trudeau is creating his latest reincarnation, and Pitfield, as Pitfield knows, has become a liability.

Why is that?

Because, although Pitfield has an IQ higher than the Goodbye Hitler, everyone on the inside in Ottawa knows he couldn't organize his lunch. Christina McCall Newman is just out with a new book on the Grits in which she details how the guy is so bright he bumps into himself coming around the corner and the manner in which he has left in the civil service resembles an off ramp. Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

of the Los Angeles freeway.

So *you* leaving doesn't indicate that Trudeau is leaving?

Not at all. It indicates he's staying. But I thought a number of other high brass were going over the wall...?

Name me.

Well, Deputy Finance Minister Ian Stewart has come off for a period of self-renewal. What's that meant?

It means he's been sacked. Somebody had to carry the can for the fact that Allan MacEachen couldn't add. When in Ottawa, let a chap invent his own excuses for leaving.



And MacEachen is gone, too.

Not gone, just removed to the anti-social of cocktails in Montreal. Affairs. His car count the olives during a period of self-renewal. His replacement is Marc Lalonde.

But I understood Lalonde's chief brain while he was in the Energy spot. Ed Clark has disappeared as if by magic to Paris, where he is on a year's self-renewal, with family, at a reported cost of some \$175,000 to the taxpayer.

That's right. Somebody had to carry the can for the National Energy Program and what it did to Calgary's Petroleum Club. So Clark is given the golden handshake to the wild west of Paris.

And Lalonde is promoted?

You've got it. By George, I suspect you're catching on. Ottawa is simple once you get the hang of it.

So the moving of Pitfield, Stewart and Clark out of the top circle doesn't mean the chaps are fleeing a sinking raft?

Not at all. It means the chap is

change of the raft wants to give the impression of self-renewal and cleansing of the haugen. Some supplies he's at being perfumed. He's hunkering down. He's going to be with us for a while.

And how does Iona Campagnolo enter into this?

Iona enters most forcefully, in that she is being positioned as the Magnet Line against John Turner.

You're lost me.

Iona has been placed in the rocket launcher to become the new president of the Liberal party at this week's convention in Ottawa.

Why?

Because the Trudeauists are not too fancy on incumbent Norman MacLeod because he is a top brackie with Henschel Finance in Toronto and therefore is not a full-time insular Ottawa rooster. It is suspected he once snailed at Turner at a crosswalk and so the Senate someone has been withheld from him, just as it is now being dangled before Campagnolo.

Why is this important?

Because a party president, if diligent, can control the behaviour, interpret the rules, and keep a watching eye on delegates.

If and when the challenges come from Turner.

So Iona is a crack for the presidency? Is the Pope Polish? Lalonde have nothing to chance, unless Joe Clark and Peter Worthington.

You're not suggesting the fix is on?

Of course it is. The Quebec delegates have been brought into line and will vote for Campagnolo. Iona has barely burst forth with speeches in praise of Chairman Pierre, crediting him with everything except the wrestling of Isolation to the ground, the double-tracking of Via Rail, and the winning of the Rideau Canal, underwater.

So you're telling us that the current muting of the caucus at the top merely indicates that Trudeau is staying, not leaving? You've missed my head/fix.

You've got it, Pontiac.

Well, finally, Ed Clark, Joe Clark, you've certainly muddled the muddle/fixation a lot.

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